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The Coming Issue in the United States.

When the tariff question, which even now attracts very little notice, has disappeared, and the silver question is settled, for better or for worse, then will come the negro question. Looking back upon the scenes of "the first battle" we shall probably say: "That was a tame affair." At the North to-day very little is known of the negro or the negro question. That reminds me that four years ago not more than one man out of sixteen, east of the Missouri river, knew what free silver meant, and now they are sixteen to one the other way. They may not know now, but they think they know. The American people get on rapidly, and they will get on to the colored brother very early in the nineteen hundreds. Here in Washington, at the border of the black belt, one beholds the negro in all his arrogance and glory. It has been said by someone that a yellow negro has all the vices of both races and few of the virtues of either. It may also be said that a Washington negro is able to combine the "freshness" of the Northern negro with the laziness and all-round worthlessness his black brother of the South. My impressions may be of no interest to others—they are to me. Nursed at the North, I came to the capital without prejudice against the black race. I am not of the South-I scarcely know it. My mother was born and lived three years in Kentucky, and, without knowing why, I have always been in a measure proud of that fact. From my workshop window I look out into Lincoln Park, and beneath the statue of that good man I have seen a black wench shake a white child, for whom she was paid to care, until it was almost as black as she, and I could not help wondering if Mr. Cleveland were the only President who ever made a mistake.

There are, I am told, hundreds of kindly dis posed, educated, gentlemanly negroes in the District of Columbia. I hope it is true. Just below this stratum of intellectual negroes, so admired and shunned in New England, comes a class of well-fed, well-dressed, arrogant, exas perating negroes, who are the source of so many just grievances. For example: Two ladies in a Ninth street car were sitting about six inches apart, when in floated a dusky dame who would not weigh less than two hundred and coolly sat down between them. One of the ladies, a pale little woman, almost fainted She tried to get out, but could not. A gentle wanted to throw the negro woman off, but the struggling little woman shook her head. "Only beg her to get up," she said, "and she can have the seat." The negro woman allowed the little lady to escape and then resumed the seat. A gentleman of education and refinement who sheds light and sifts sunshine into the editorial page of one of Wash ington's bright newspapers, was seated one evening in the forward corner of an electric car, when a six-foot negro came in and ordered him to sit along. "I can't," said the gentleman. "Sit along," the fellow repeated with a scowl "I tell you I can't. I'm up against the end of The voice and manner of the negro (they are always loud) had attracted the notice of nearly every passenger in the car and the position of the journalist was extremely embarrassing. "Oh! I guess you kin set along some," said the negro in a deep bass voice, and with that he deliberately sat down on the journalist and the gentleman next to him. The newspaper man fairly boiled with rage for a second, and then, with a desperate effort, twisted out of the corner and the grinning negro dropped into the seat. And he did not dare to even write it up in his paper next day Eighty thousand negroes in Washington.

There lives here in Washington a gentleman whose word I would take as I would his oath. He was run over by a negro butcher in the street, and when he sought to have the fellow punished for his criminal carelessness was run over again by a loud-mouthed negro lawver in an ill-smelling police court. To crown the insult, the ice-water magistrate, who paused repeatedly to remind the defendant that he was lying, accepted the oath of this cross-eyed negro as against that of a gentleman. The average uneducated negro will swear falsely as readily as he will utter a falsehood, and that is just like breathing. It is related of a negro who was up in this same court for fast driving, that he swore solemnly that he dared not drive that horse out of a walk. "Why?" asked his honor. "Kays, he got heart disease, jedge, an' moment he strak a trot he drap dead." "Well," smiled the judge, pulling his Peffers, "how do you know he would?" "Why, I knows it, jedge," said the negro, wagging his woolly head; "I's seen 'im do it, hun'ed times."

The Washington negro takes readily to religion. He is easily encouraged in that direction. He prefers, of course, the loudest religion going. What delights his soul is the open-air meeting. or the big tent revival, with plenty of singing, promiscuous shouting and all-round whooping up. Next in favor is the Catholic religion. He likes the smell of the censer, the burning candles, and general showy air of the service. And then, too, he likes the quick actionthe short cut to forgiveness, via the confessional. It is a great relief to a negro servant to have everything wiped out once a week and to go to work Monday morning

with a clear conscience. The constant coddling of the negro by politicians and political parties causes him to take himself too seriously and leads him to over-estimate his importance as an elector. Having convinced the negro that he is the "balance of power," the suffrage broker goes into the market and buys him up as he buys hogs. The leaders only are bought, and they are supposed to herd the balance. An educational qualification for voters, black and white, would do away with a vast amount of political crookedness and help the illiterate negro to a better understanding of his import-There is no more reason why all negroes should vote than there is for allowing all the Indians on the reservations to participate in our elections.

As domestic servants the negroes are, in one respect at least, very like white servants. They make a study of seeing how little they can do and hold the place. They are not truthful, and they regard anything that is not locked up or nailed down as theirs. Eight out of ten negro servants in Washington go home nights. If two or three women in one family go out to service they support the balance of the brood by bringing things home with them. No grocery wagon ever stops at that door, and you might search the city in vain for a grocer who ever sold a dollar's worth of goods at that number. A discouraging fact is that the older servants are much the best-the younger the most worthless. The young negro woman of to-day insists that she is a lady, and becomes furious when she hears the black race spoken of as negroes. Dropping down another stratum we come to the idle, loafing, apple-jack element the class of negroes who tote razors, dance in

held a national convention, and will doubtless petition Congress. There is scarcely a family in all this broad land without a sorrow of the sixties. Barrels of the best blood of the North and South have been poured out for the negro, and the end is not yet. The time has arrived when writers and speakers should cease playing to the bleachers and tell the truth. The Thomas Nelson Page negro is wonderfully interesting in fiction, but he is disappearing in fact. He is going the way of "Wanita" and other good Indians of the Longfellow variety, and what we have to deal with is the "New Negro." Nothing that has come under my observation has surprised me more than the respectful consideration the people of the South have for the negro. They understand him. They expect very little from him and they are not disap-pointed as we of the North are apt to be. The country is just now having an object lesson in Yankee sincerity. Booker T. Washington, ir his great educational work in Alabama, is en couraged, honored and applauded by the people of the South. Hon. Isaac B. Allen, having been elected to an important office, is being snubbed, humiliated, ostracized and insulted by his fellow officials in Massachusetts. A little less slobbering over criminals and a little more encouragement for worthy negroes at the North would help to solve the negro question, and it is time, for when this question comes up it's going to be hot stuff. CY. WARMAN.

Around Town.

In 1872 the printers of Toronto inaugurated the nine-hour movement by going on strike. day, his mouth half-full of the same old That was twenty-five years ago, and a great pegs; the merchant with the same old green many things can come to pass in a quarter of a

prominent and lucrative place, and no doubt feels much as other men do who succeed in their aims, whether they have striven for distinction in literature, politics, art, business, speculation, athletics, or anything you like. Every successful man deserves praise, unless he has benefited by perpetrating crimes. It is much easier to lose than to win. It is more comfortable to drift than to row against the tide. It must be easier to quit than to persevere, or so many would not quit. Yet there is a great deal of chance (it is a convenient word) in life, for the man who succeeds can usually look back to the fork in the roads where he branched away from his fellows. Had he gone the other way - what then? Would those qualities upon which he prides himself have had an opportunity to prove their value, or would he have moped along without ever making any kind of a mark?

The villages of the province have given up a lot of prominent men to the big cities of Canada and the United States. The St. Mary's Journal a couple of weeks ago published a long list of names of people who came from that town to Toronto. Some of these are powerful in business in Toronto, others are influential in politics and the learned professions, yet I dare say if one of them went back to the old town he would find men there who appear to be doing precisely the same things as they used to do twenty years ago. He might see the carpenter driving apparently the same nail into the same board; the cobbler mending the same old boot, nodding a dumb goodpegs; the merchant with the same old green watering-can sprinkling the dry boards that

itself to everyone. The property owners in the vicinity have offered to contribute part of the cost, and it has been shown that the land bounded by Queen, Bay and Richmond streets on three sides, and by Knox church on the other, can be secured without having to expropriate anybody and without having to buy off ome speculator who had hurriedly bought a few feet of land so that he could make a pot of money or spoil the deal. It is highly gratifying to know that a public spirited project seems likely to be carried through without much delay or expense, and without even an attempt being made to rob the civic treasury. It is a fortunate thing that the land in question is owned by Knox church and the Harris estate, for this ensures fair dealing during the time when the proposal is under consideration. It is a fitting thing that the new square should be called Victoria Square, in commemoration of the Jubilee year, and that the block of land should have part of the old Jesse Ketchum estate. He was a public-spirited citizen.

The time for action is here. Anyone who goes over the premises will see that on that block of land there are no buildings of importance. Unless the square is created now it can never be created, for leases will be made to private parties and any new buildings put up will be massive ones. Even if Victoria Square could only be secured at a great expense to the city, it would be wise to seize this chance; but when the trustees of Knox church and the Harris estate are disposed to deal on exceptionally liberal terms, and when surrounding property owners are ready to share the expense, there cannot very well be two opinions on the question. It is not, I understand, necessary to pay for the property outright, but, it being wisely held that succeeding generations should pay something to maintain their own breathingplaces, it is proposed that no capital sum be paid, but only a fixed annuity.

Toronto is fairly well supplied with parks and is one of the finest cities to live in on the continent. Those who attend conventions here go away saying that this is a city of homes, a city of sunlight, clean streets and healthy people. As time goes by we are sure to find that Toronto will be distinguished chiefly as a "summer city," where people shall come to hold great gatherings and to branch out to Niagara, Muskoka, the Thousand Islands and in other directions. To put a finishing touch upon the city's many perfections we need Victoria Square. It would be an open space and a shady spot in the city's heart. It would set off that great pile which we have built on Queen street and which otherwise would look like a palace fronting on a lane. And we can have Victoria Square without extravagance. It will cost only an annual fixed charge, which will be but a small item in the accounts of the Parks and Gardens committee. I have not heard a single citizen who had examined the proposal, speak a word in objection to it. It is a happy thought and a fine stroke of business.

The Highlanders should get a great welcome home. Every properly constituted person must be gratified by the success these young fellows won in competition with the best men in the British Army. Many events have shown that in this country we can grow notable men. We are beginning to send them out to all corners of the world-clean-limbed, clear-eyed, brainy fellows to take leading parts in whatever may be happening anywhere. Bacon in his day pointed out that no Southern race had ever conquered a Northern people, and what is true in war holds fairly good in other matters. have the right soil and climate for Mangrowing, and it may be added that this year the crops are looking well.

The local regiments will undoubtedly all turn out to welcome the Highlanders home, and possibly the 13th of Hamilton will also join in. seems clear, then, that the citizen and the people at large will do everything that need be done in the way of giving the men a welcome; and so, if the Corporation proposes to do anything, it might be as well to make the grant, not for fireworks, but to reimburse the funds of the 48th, in part at least, for the severe drain made upon the regimental purse in sending the team over to England. The city gave something towards expenses, but the regiment was at a large expense over and above the amounts granted by the city and the province; and as the men will get a mighty welcome without civic aid, it would be wiser to crown the success of the team by voting a sum to partially reimburse the 48th for the money ex-A night of frolic is soon over, for pended. fireworks burn quickly, but if the regimental treasury is recouped it will be putting the money to a practical use and leave the 48th in a position to attempt other conquests in the near future.

Speaking of sports, it is not likely that there will for years be held such a series of athletic contests as are to come off in Toronto on Jubilee Day. In the fifteen items on the programme for that day there are no less than three hundred and thirteen entries, and among them are the best known runners and bicycle riders in the province. Usually when there is a hundredyard foot-race three or four men compete, but on Tuesday twenty-five men will toe the mark. As many or more will start in the other events, and it is reasonably sure that some new men will come to the front. Ordinarily the young man who thinks he is a fast runner gets no



HER MAJESTY AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (1839).

When the clerk calls their names they come swaggering, shuffling and ragging up to the railing, apparently enjoying the notoriety they are getting. This silly sort, who usually receive their first sentence for razors or crap, gradually work up to petit larceny, and some even to highway robbery.

This brings us to the last and lowest stratum. Here we have to do with that class of negroes who commit those awful outrages that from week to week shock and horrify the civilized world, to fit whose crimes there is no punishment. I have made careful enquiry of well known physicians and experienced lawyers here, and they seem to agree that these heinous crimes are mostly committed by the most ignor ant and worthless negroes, usually very big and very black. A majority of the crimes are committed by country negroes; the sort that lie about in hazel patches and never work. have failed to learn of a criminal of this class who was able to read or write his own name. "Ignorance," said an old Washington doctor, "is at the bottom of a great many of these crimes-we must educate the negro.

The negro's worst enemies are his fool friends: those honest but misguided New Englanders, for instance, who are constantly erying over criminals who have been but poorly punished for their hellish deeds, but who heap indignities and insults upon worthy negroes who live among them. They hasten to "resolve" in sympathy with the worthless, and close their hotels to educated, intelligent, industrious negro students who happen to visit that section our country. And here comes Kansas, that fertile field for freak notions, despite its hundreds of thousands of broad-minded, patriotic citizens, with a proposition to pension the ex-slaves. They have formed a society,

the alleys, shoot crap, and finally filter through | century. It would be interesting to enumerate | front his place of business. He might see skilled workmen in Toronto since the day when the printers initiated the nine-hour movement and several of them, E. F. Clarke, M.P., James Auld, M.P.P., of Amherstburg, John Armstrong and others, were arrested and jailed. The changes have been so gradual that one does not realize how much progress has been made until the conditions of 1872 are contrasted with

> As I was elsewhere in 1872 the task of doing this properly belongs to someone else. However, there was a boy in the famous strike of that year, and his connection with it and his career since possess some interest for those boys who will be middle-aged men in another twenty-five years. Three apprentices in the offices of Dudley & Burns walked out with the strikers of 1872, and one of these was "Jim" Boyle. It is not likely that he had much to do with the success of the strike or that much attention was paid to him by the leaders of the a new direction. He used his enforced leisure to master short-hand, and not long after secured a very junior place on the reportorial staff of a daily paper. Having gained some experience he started out to see the world, and worked on papers in the Western and Southern States. While writing for a newspaper at the capital of Ohio he met Mr. McKinley, who, on being elected Governor of the State, secured him as his private secretary. He held that position until McKinley was inaugurated President of the United States. And now "Jim" Boyle, the printer's apprentice who went on strike in 1872, is Hon. James Boyle, United States to his admirers) of fifty thousand dollars a year.

> The precise amount of his income is unimportant, for it is large. He has achieved a

twenty years had glided by, and that into his own life so many varieties of personal and business adventures had been crowded. But if he should pause to reflect he would no doubt find that there was a day when, had he taken the other of two choices, his own career would have been very different from what it has been. To a boy all roads seem to run parallel, but after two or three years' travel the man finds that they branch out in all directions, yet scarcely ever cross so that he can change to a better route.

Whatever road a man takes, it is generally true that he will arrive somewhere in good time if he keeps moving along briskly. probably not much rougher or longer than any other road, and it has only to be traveled over once. The man who goes away and seems to succeed may experience more misery and be less happy with his gains than the one who stays at home and accomplishes very little that movement, yet the episode turned his course in | can be seen by the casual observer. Nature penalizes a man for every dollar he gets beyond what he really needs-punishes him with cares and worries. Most rich men and all old men will testify to the truth of this. Worth a billion dollars and only in middle life, Barney Barnato, in mental and nervous distress. jumped overboard from a ship the other day and was drowned. He was no doubt happier when he traveled about the country with a perform ing donkey than he ever was after he became rich. It would therefore seem that no man is to be envied for his apparent success, or pitied for his apparent failure, since no man, perhaps, succeeds altogether or fails altogether, and Consul at Liverpool, with an income (according happiness goes with health rather than with success or wealth.

> The proposal to create a square before the new City Hall is one that seems to recommend | chance to measure his speed with that of the

SATURDAY NIGHT does not necessarily endorse the lows of the contributor who writes this week on he Coming Issue in the United States, but publishes to article because of the deep interest it possesses by thoughtful people. The name of Cy. Warman is ell known to readers of current literature.

well known sprinters who belong to expensive athletic clubs and compete only in big events. The Jubilee games are intended to give everybody a chance at the championships.

The people of Toronto and the province are heartily tired of the Sunday street car question. It has been settled and should be allowed to drop out of sight. For either party to the dispute to keep harping on the subject is surely ill-advised, since this will only perpetuate animosities.

Social and Personal.

The two large weddings of Tuesday and Wednesday made quite a stir down town about two o'clock, and King street was almost blocked with carriages and mobs of interested gapers, who stared respectfully at the beautiful women and their cavaliers as they stepped from their carriages and strolled up the walk to the gray door of old St. James'. Fortunately the days were both of the fairest, and the old adage, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on," was verified by the radiant faces of the young girls who took upon themselves the vows of wifehood on the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday, shortly after two o'clock, Mr. Atkinson's and Miss Constance Isabel Temple's wedding guests began to arrive. and gradually the pews were filled, and the ushers, Messrs. Reginald Temple, Allen Bedford-Jones, C. McInnes and D. Atkinson, had many a walk the long length of the broad aisle. conducting scores of dainty dames to their best vantage ground for catching glimpses of the bride and her procession. A sweet sight it was, and many a smile of loving admiration met the bride as, preceded by the ushers and the maid of honor, Miss Helen McDonald, with a bevy of charming bridesmaids, Misses Helen Catta-nach, Ethel Atkinson, McConkey and Erie Temple, she was led to the altar by her father, Dr. Temple. Mr. Harry Atkinson, brother of the groom, was best man. Miss Temple's bridal robe was of plain rich white satin, with transparent yoke of shirred tulle bordered with lily-of-the-valley, the sleeves being also of this summery material. Lilies-of-the-valley were the bridal wreath and the veil was of tulle. The symphony of youth and spring-time was carried out in the bridemaidens' frocks of white over delicate green, and large leghorn plumed hats shading the fair young faces. Each maid carried a large bouquet of pink roses. The bride's bouquet was of lilies-of-the-valley and white roses. Many of the gowns worn at this wedding were marvels of beauty, the favorite fad of some diaphanous material being worn over rich silk or satin being very generally adopted. Thus, the bride's mother wore rich black grenadine, through the meshes of which gleamed vivid green silk. Mrs. Wyld wore a rich shaded violet and green silk covered with black lace, silky and exquisite; scores of silk muslins over pink, blue, violet and green, worn by fair girls and youn gmatrons, were admirable, and the various subdued tints were charmingly artistic. I do not often recall such an impression of dainty tones without one crude or jarring note. The brides of Tuesday and Wednesday were fortunate in being the proud possessors of exceedingly handsome fathers, and it is by no means the smallest part of the success of a bridal cortege that the papa in charge of the central figure should be worthy of his share of admiration. After the ceremony the bridal party and numerous friends drove to the residence of the bride's parents in Simcoe street, where a reception was held and the presents admired, while a very dainty dejeuner was discussed with approval. A few of the guests were: Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Miss Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson of Quebec, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Cattanach, Lady Howland, Dr. and Mrs. Adam Wright, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Miss Osler, Colonel and Mrs. Dawson, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Arnoldi, Mr. Frank Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mrs. Suydam, the Misses Coldham, Mrs. John and Miss Cawthra, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, Mr. Langmuir, the Misses Langmuir and Miss Muntzinger, Dr. Charles O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. McCulloch, Major and Mrs. Hay. Dr. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. George McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, the Misses Dupont, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Dr. and Mrs. Huyck Garrett, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne.

Miss Edith M. Mulock, eldest daughter of the Postmaster-General, was celebrated at St. James's on Wednesday at half-past two o'clock, the rector, Bishop Sullivan, officiating. The largest company of guests which has been present for a long time at a wedding, assembled in Mulock was led in and given away by her father, and looked the sweet and happy little bride to perfection in a trained robe de noces of white duchesse satin, with exquisite trimming of Honiton lace. The bridal wreath was of orange blossoms and the veil the regulation cloud of tulle. The bouquet was of white and the bride wore her fiance's bridal gift of a pearl necklace, with pearl and diamond star pendant. Miss Ethel Mulock was maid of honor in a gown of white moire, with bodice of chiffon, and sash and girdle of buttercup satin. maids, Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Maude Kingsmill, Miss Gertrude Brock and Miss Leila Mackay, wore very pretty frocks of white mousseline de soie over sea-green taffeta, with green girdles and lace frills threaded with bebe ribbons. The five attendants wore most fetching little wreaths of marguerites, with white mercury wings set on either side in a very perky and chic manner. This conceit was one of the most becoming things imaginable to all five maidens. They carried bouquets of daisies, which were afterwards showered upon the bride as she went away on her wedding tour. Mr. Boyd Magee was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Percy Hodgins, Campbell Becher, J. G. Macdonald and W. H. Burritt. Miss Mulock, the least, and her smart young brother, Mr. Cawthra Mulock, were flower-girl and page to the bride, their sister. After the ceremony the bridal reception took place at the family residence in Jarvis generous proportions of the Argonaut Club.

street, where the whole house was turned inside out, and the very admirable en suite prevented the usual discomfort of such a large gathering. The presents were exquisite, including some rarely beautiful things. The observed of all was a heavy cable chain of gold, with an immense gold locket attached, the gift of the great-aunt of the bride, Mrs. Cawthra Murray. That well known lady was to be seen chatting with old friends, viewing the presents with an observant eye, and wearing a quiet gown of grayish hue and a small princesse bonnet trimmed with silver. As to the robes, many and beautiful, I noticed only a few. Mrs. Mulock, mother of the bride, wore an elegant green satin, brocaded in white, the bodice trimmed with white chiffon, green satin and exquisite Brussels lace, and a dainty little bonnet of blush roses, white ospreys and green velvet. Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson looked very well in heliotrope and white striped silk with many heliotrope chiffon frills, and some rare old point lace. A large hat bordered with Eng-lish violets was worn by Mrs. Ryerson. An exceedingly smart gown was Mrs. James Crowther's royal blue brocatelle over apple green taffeta, with vest of cream canvas lace, bolero and girdle of royal blue velvet. A toque of green straw, with folds of blue velvet and white ospreys, and a bouquet of white carnations and maiden-hair ferns, completed the most original gown of the lot, worn as Mrs. Crowther knows how to wear it; Mrs. Riddell, always a picture, was in mauve, a moire gown, a hat most becoming, and a bolero of point lace rare and fine, with a perfect coiffure and a charming face, and she was always followed by admiring looks and words; Mrs. MacMahon, with her dark eyes and smart red parasol, was well gowned in ecru grass linen over red, and a black hat with red flowers; Mrs. John Laidlaw was in black satin, with bodice of shot silk, scarlet hat and great shower bouquet of scarlet geraniums and asparagus ferns; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald wore a rich quiet gown of black satin, with a touch of gray and steel trimmings; Mrs. Mortimer Clark was handsomely gowned in shot silk of pink and tiny frills bound in black; Mr. and Mrs. Mills of Guelph were, with Miss Mills, among the wedding guests. Others were: Mrs. J. K. Kerr, in a trim green gown Mills. and large hat; Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. John and Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton, Mr. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant, Mrs. Hunter (quite the youngest-looking gran'ma on record), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winstanley, Principal, Mr. and the Misses MacMurchy, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Thomas Hodgins (both *en garcon* just now, and chaperoning each other), Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, the lady a picture in a very pretty artistic gown Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Septimus Jones and Miss Jones, Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mr. Hugo Ross, Mrs. Stratford, in a charming gown of black and white, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Murray and the Misses Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Clinch, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. Tom Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, the Misses and Mr. Brock, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mr. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Miss Mason, Miss Hill, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Harrison, hosts of pretty young girls and young men, and benches of Queen's Counsels, judges, and other leading professional lights. The house was decorated in daisies, lilacs, ferns and pink roses, a huge pyramid of the latter crowning the buffet. The presents were displayed in the north reception-room. The bride went away in a gown of marine blue cloth, braided in black, a blue straw hat, with black and white wings and blue flowers. Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson will reside at 172 Bloor street east, a very pleasant and pretty

One of the most brilliant society events of the eason was the wedding of Miss Walker of Detroit and Count Von Metuschka, Baron de Toppolezen and Spatten, of Germany, on Tuesday, June 15. The marriage was witnessed only by the immediate families of the bride and From six till eight o'clock a reception was held at the beautiful new home of the bride's father. The house presented a scene Enormous alustors of An Beauty roses were everywhere, forming a very becoming background for the hundreds of elegantly gowned ladies who thronged in and out the flower-bedecked rooms. was a picture as she stood smilingly receiving congratulations. Her gown was of white satin all the gorgeousness of raiment and beauty of and rare lace, simply made, becoming her slight, person possible to grace the occasion. Miss ment being a string of pearls of priceless value. A marquee was erected on the lawn, where refreshments were served. A dinner for the bridal party was partaken of at nine o'clock, after which the Count and Countess Von Metuschka left for New York, where they boarded the steamer for Germany, where a grand old castle awaits them

> Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and the Misses Beatty have taken up quarters for the present at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara.

> The opening hop of the season will be held this (Saturday) evening at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The Argonaut At Home on Saturday afteroon was mainly noticeable for the lack of men, and the very pretty girls who adorned it with "All the men are racing," was not satisfactory, for all the men were not; but sports have multiplied in Toronto, and the golf links and the Knickerbocker Club had annexed men who in other years were wont to hang about in attendance on the ladies at the Argonaut boat-house on fete days. But there were plenty of dancing men to fill the salon de danse as full as it would hold, and cosy corners being in the minority at the airy club-house, men were not as necessary to the programme of the fair ones as in other places. One can nished an excellent opportunity for the friends chat comfortably enough with a colerie of the officers to visit them under the many



Her Majesty the Queen at the age of 2 years, and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in 1821. The originals of this and the picture on the front page were kindly loaned to SATURDAY NIGHT by a Toronto lady.

From three to eight o'clock means properly from four to nine, or so society will translate The races were not marred by any contre temps, though a trifle one-sided, as the champion, Mr. Bright, had a large pull on every event he entered for. The interference of the Yacht Club ferry in one race, whereby it had to be rowed over again, provoked a howl of indignation from the sporting fraternity, and sympathetic cries of "Hard luck, old man," greeted the rower who was impeded by the saucy little steamer. The gowns of the ladies were sensibly simple and summery, as befits the "event aquatic," and muslin, grenadine and duck were the chosen materials. A charming ex-graduate who is now visiting in town, was Miss Clara Wright of Port Huron, who wore a shot brocaded silk in peacock tints, with a pointed collar of white silk and lace, and a most becoming chip hat with lilacs. Mrs. and Miss Leverich were other visitors in town welcomed at the At Home. Mr. Sanford Evans was also a guest. coming in very late. A smart little frock in white duck and black trimmings, with black tall-crowned straw hat, was worn by that pretty young matron, Mrs. Alfred Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cronyn, with their young daughter, were some of the new comers one is glad to meet. They are now at 91 Bellevue avenue, and will reside permanently in Toronto. The At Home was visited by neither the rain storms nor hurricanes which have occasionally been unwelcome accompaniments in former years, and all the arrangements were well carried out under the very able committee. A nice little buffet was served by Webb, and the music was quite up to the usual excellence.

In connection with the Jubilee celebration there is being given, at the Grand Opera House, this week, an unique and interesting historical drama, written by Miss Catharine Nina Merritt. The play is brought out by the U.E. Loyalists, which society has been foremost in preserving the relics of the past. The cast is as follows: Prologue, written by Mrs. Curzon, U. E. L., recited by Miss Alexandrina Ramsay.
Mr. William Henry Fordyce, (King's Att'y-Genera')
Mr. Harry Patterson.
Mr. Nathaniel Crawley.
Mr. George Dunstan.
Col. Wallace, (retired)

by Miss and Mr. Hans, Mr. Hans, Mr. William Henry Pool, Mr. George Dunstan, Col. Wallace, (retired). Lieut.-Col. George A. Shaw, U.E.L. Andrew Wallace Mr. Cecil Merritt. Henry Fordyce Master Edwin English, U.E.L. Mr. Hamilton Harman, U.E.L. Col. Hoff Mr. Melmilton Harman, U.E.L. Capt. Bennett Mr. William Mr. D. M. Sanson, Ned Mr. D. M. Sanson, Macdonell Mr. Sidney Band. Mr. Monteith D. Muir. Shutt. Mr. Monteith D. Muir. Ned Mr. D. M. Sanson.
Macdonell Mr. Sidney Band.
Captain Shutt Mr. Mr. Monteith D. Muir.
Mrs. (Elizabeth) Fordyce Miss Catharine Merritt, U.E.L.
Margaret Fordyce Miss Constance R. Boulton.
Mrs. (Caroline) Wallace. Mrs. Philip Todd, U.E.L.
Rebecca. Mrs. Monteith D. Muir, U.E.L.
Rebel soldiers, band of Indians, and trumpet and
bugle bands of Governor-General's Body-Guard,
Royal Grenadiers, and Forty-eighth Highlanders.

The Diamond Jubilee church parade of the Q. O. R. takes place to-morrow to the Pavilion for service at eleven o'clock a.m. On Wednesday evening the Regiment had an evening at the

Armouries, and quite a number of ladies were

present. An informal hour in the mess rooms

and something nice to eat and drink followed. Next Tuesday the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will be en fete all day long and far into or night. The race for the Queen's cup, a bowling match at eleven a.m., a garden party from four to six o'clock, the club dinner parties at seven with music, and the dance afterwards, are the various events to which members can have cards for themselves; and to the bowls garden party and dance, friends can be asked and tickets for the same obtained from the assistant secretary for fifty cents each. No doubt many will dine at the Club on Tuesday

Mrs. Chadwick gave a tea at Lanmar yesterday to the Six Nation Indians taking part in Miss Merritt's play, to which a number of persons interested in the Nations and general Canadian historical subjects were bidden. Mr. Chadwick is, I understand, an adopted member of the Six Nations, and the braves yesterday bestowed an Indian name on Mrs. Chadwick. By the way, the proceeds of Miss Chadwick's play were, after all expenses were paid, eighty dollars, of which the Children's Aid got fifty, and three needy families the other thirty.

Next Thursday the Grange, with the famous Professor and his ever cordial and kindly wife as host and hostess, will be the center around which the social life of society will gather.

Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison are much enjoying their visit in England.

The military dance at the Queen's Royal hotel, Niagara, given by the officers of the Brigade Camp on Thursday evening, was one of those pleasant summertide events which society always welcomes. The occasion fur-

Royal, overlooking the lake and fanned by the reezes, is a charming rendezvous for a sum ner festivity, and when the young people ought a change from D'Alesandro's inspiriting two-steps, what more delightful than a turn on the broad verandas or a stroll underneath the lovely elms! Owing to the recent lamented death of the surgeon-major, the staff were not s usual, prominently identified with the fes tivity, but everything passed off most auspi ciqusly under the management of a committee of the commanding officers, with the addition of gallant Major Bertram of the 77th as chairnan, Colonel Raymond, the youngest of the dashing colonels, as honorary secretary, and Captain Myles, whose soldierly visage looked as though it had seen many campaigns on the un-beaten sands of Egypt.

Society at the Capital.

The schools are beginning to close here and next week a large number of prominent families will leave for their country houses or the sea coast. Mrs. and Miss Dobell leave on Friday for Quebec, where for a couple of months they will take up their residence at Beauvoir Manor. After the session Mr. Dobell will join them there, and later on in the sum mer they will all go to England,

Mrs. Fielding, Miss Fielding and the younger members of the family left on Monday for Halifax. Mrs. and Miss Fielding are both very popular here, and their many friends will be glad to welcome them back in the autumn.

Mrs. Davies, wife of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, also leaves this week for home Mrs. Davies has two charming daughters, one of whom is studying elocution in Boston, and who spent a few weeks here, when she was a general favorite. Mr. and Mrs. Davies have occupied Mrs. Cambie's house in Cooper street during the absence of herself and family in

Mrs. A. T. Wood of Hamilton, a charming oman who has spent the winter at the Rus sell House, has gone home; also a large number of the ladies who have been at the Russell during the winter.

Madame Lavergne and her daughter are still in town house-hunting, though they are not going to spend the summer here.

We had glorious weather here for Madame Taschereau's At Home on Monday afternoon, and everyone was glad after so many disappointments last week. The world and his wife were there, the latter all very smartly gowned and wearing as head-gear enormous structures of flowers, feathers and chiffon, and looking decidedly top-heavy, though quite up to date. The youthful bride looked charming in a thin fawn-colored grenadine gown made over silk, very much trimmed with sash and bows of eau de Nile satin ribbon. She wore very chic Parisian hat trimmed with violets and green foliage. A marquee was erected on the lawn for refreshments. The Guards' band, stationed in one part, played during the afternoon Miss Lyons of Toronto, one of this year's debut antes, was present with her grandmother, Lady Strong. Miss Dobell, Miss Blair, Miss Scott and Miss Mowat all wore pretty summer frocks and large picture hats. Among the guests were noticed: Mr. Justice and Mrs. Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Blair, Mr. Sandford Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. Philpotts, Mrs. McNab, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Bacon, and others.

Mrs. Henry Ferguson of Calgary was in town last week and was warmly welcomed by a number of old friends. Mrs. Ferguson was a Miss McLean of Toronto, granddaughter of the late Chief Justice McLean. The family now reside in Calgary, though Mrs. Ferguson spends a great deal of her time in London, England, where she has a large circle of friends. Mrs. Stewart Tupper is in town on a visit to

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper. Mrs. Tupper, formerly Miss Ada Galt of Toronto, daughter of Sir Thomas Galt, has many friends all over

Canada. Mrs. Gascoigne usually goes away with the General when he goes on his round of inspection, but this year she has not done so, with the exception of a short visit to Quebec. Mrs. Gascoigne gave an At Home at the Golf Links Friday, which was a great success. golf grounds are on the other side of Hull, P. Q., and can be reached per electric car, after which a short walk takes you in sight of an oldfashioned stone mansion, which is the club nouse. On this occasion a marquee was erected for refreshments, and people remained there watched the games that were going on The weather was lovely, a most unusual thing this season, as so many outdoor fetes have been spoilt by showers, and on some occasions tor-

Major Rutherford is in town, and Mrs. Rutherford is shortly expected. Mrs. Rutherford was a Miss Carruthers of Kingston, a most popular girl, and has many friends in Ottawa as well as all over Canada.

rents of rain.

Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, and Mrs. Scott gave a large dinner party on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Scott have given two or three dinners each week during the session, entertaining Senators on both sides of the House as well as Members of Parliament and their wives

We have had two charming visitors from Quebec here, Miss Van Iffland and Miss Fleming, who have been the guests of Mrs. Dobell.

Mr. Justice Gwynn and Mrs. Gwynn have taken a house for the summer at Fern Bank, a pretty little place near Brockville and just on the St. Lawrence. Ottawa, June 16.

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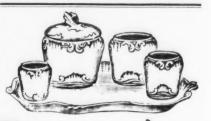
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Social and Personal.

The Island is beginning to be well filled with the usual exodus from town. Each year improvements slowly mark its progress as a fashionable summer residence, and by the end of the next century it is possible our descendants of the fourth or fifth generation may see a proper roadway, well drained parks and a neat sidewalk, and bicycle track from end to end of this healthful spot. Stay, though! We shall be peregrinating with flying-machines long before the Toronto Island has good road-

Mr. W. G. Gooderham's elegant colonial mansion is the feature of Center Island this season. All in cream and white, like a swan among ducks, sits the handsome home, and this week it is tenanted by the family party and is the pet rendezvous of many friends. Mrs. George Hargraft, Mrs. Gooderham's sister, is mistress of the Robertson house, The Oasis, the most easterly of the residences on the breakwater. Mr. and Mrs. Warren have the McMaster house; Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson has her family cosily settled at Hazelhurst, one of Mr Goad's pretty houses on the lagoon east of the Yacht Club, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty are in their snug house on the lake front. Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski and their family are at their Island home. Mrs. Francis and her daughter, Mrs. Bath, are chaperones of a merry family party at Dulce Domum, where Mrs. Dawson's friends found her last summer. One of the prettiest and completest of the Center Island houses is Brightside, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Boisseau, where the Union Jack flutters from the ridge pole, with the Stars and Stripes below, in loyal memory of the native country of the jolly mistress of the charming little home. Mrs. Thorne has a big pension near the church, where several well known persons are staying, and Ellsmere House will doubtless gather its usual happy summer crowd. The Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman being in England, their Island house is occupied presently by Rev. E. DuPencier and his family. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and the Misses Parsons are settled at Cosiecot on the lake front, west end, Mrs. Jack Davidson and her family being next door. Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan have a wee rustic cottage at the west end. Major and Mrs. Sankey are also at the west end, in their usual residence. Mr. and Mrs. Delasco are among the Islanders this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Hector Lamont and their family are in their old west end quarters, as are Mr. and Mrs. McCrae. Dr. and Mrs. Sheard and their family have, as usual, established themselves in their nice summer home at the west end, where the hard-worked health officer gets a little taste of the dolce far niente of Island life. At the Band concert on Tuesday evening there was quite a gathering of the clans upon the beautiful promenade, where the good music by the Grens., the sweet summer evening, the full moon flooding the whole scene in silver light, and the evervarying and strolling crowd were the first foretaste of a summer all too tardy in its arrival. It is very seldom that June is half over before one can don a muslin gown in this locality. Truly Rudyard Kipling has given us a chill this

One of the prettiest weddings that Aylmer has ever seen was celebrated in Trinity church, Aylmer, on Wednesday, when Dr. J. A. Ashbaugh of Windsor and Miss Grace Kingston were united in marriage. Great interest was manifested in the event, and the church, which was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers, was filled long before eleven o'clock, the hour for the ceremony. The ushers were Messrs. E. W. Marks of Toronto, G. W. Swaizland, H. P. MacMahon and E. A. Miller. Prof. Jones of St. Thomas presided at the organ, and as the bride entered the church, leaning upon the arm of her father, the strains of the Wedding March pealed forth. The bride looked beautiful, gowned in white duchesse satin handsomely trimmed with lace and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Nora Kingston, sister of the bride, and Miss Winnie Ashbaugh; the former in corncolored satin brocade, carrying cream roses tied with lilac ribbon, looked very stately, and the latter in blue corded silk veiled in white chiffon, and carrying pink roses, looked very pretty. Each wore picture hats trimmed with lilacs. The groomsman was Dr. H. Sanderson of Windsor. The ceremony was performed very impressively v Rev. Mr. Andrew. After the ceremony th wedding party and invited guests returned to the residence of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Kingston, when an elegant wedding breakfast was served. The bride's presents were numerous and very beautiful. Dr. and Mrs. Ashbaugh will settle in Windsor in their residence at the corner of London and Pelissier

Miss Margaret Thomas of Guelph is visiting her cousin, Miss Saulter of Isabella street.

Mrs. William Sloane and her family are now comfortably settled in their summer residence, Glen Stewart, on the Kingston road.

On Monday afternoon the White House, Rose dale, will be a fashionable rendezvous, as Mrs. Edward Farrar and her charming guest, Miss Jagoe, will be At Home. The function takes the name of a garden party, as is most suited to the month of roses, leafy June.

Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, Miss Charlotte Chaplin and Master Graham Chaplin, of St. Catharines, sail to-day, per S.S. Ems, for the Mediterranean and Southern Europe.

Mr. W. C. Muir of the Ontario Bank has returned from a vacation spent with friends on the Hudson river, in New York city and Philadelphia. From personal experience he thinks the title of this latter city is all right, but would have it extended to the other spots he

The church of the Redeemer, Bloor street and Avenue road, was the scene of a quiet wedding on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Lillie Webb, eldest daughter of the late W. Webb, ex-M. L. A., formerly of Brighton, was married to Dr. R. J. Wade, also a Brightonian, in company with his bonny bride, many and recently Warden of Northumberland and of the pleasures of the Jubilee year, with

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Durham. The marriage was conducted with the utmost simplicity, according to the wish of the bride, who looked very charming in a traveling dress of fawn covert cloth, hand somely braided in brown, and a trim hat to match. She carried a shower-bouquet of bridal roses. Rev. Rural Dean Jones, the Rector, was the officiating minister. Of the bridegroom the local papers had many nice things to say in wishing him au revoir and bon voyage, he having quickly attained to a prominent position in his native town, where he has a large practice. The doctor will spend some time

a trip on the Continent as well. Dr. and Mrs. Wade left by the five o'clock train on Wednesday, and sailed for England this week.

Mrs. Henry Moffatt and her four little daughters are in Mrs. Willie Macdonald's house, 53 Wellesley street, for the summer.

Mrs. Willie Macdonald and her little daughter and son have gone to their summer cottage at Roach's Point for the summer, after pleasant and restful winter at the Rossin

Miss Eleanor B. Forbes of Chicopee Falls, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. Ashton-Fletcher, 480 Ontario street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Evans have removed from St. Mary street to their new home in

The departure of Dr. Colin Campbell of Sumach street, who is leaving to fill the posi-tion of resident physician in the hospital of the Northern Pacific Railway, was the occasion of a farewell supper on Friday evening. The young doctor carries with him the best wishes of his many friends and classmates.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Williamson gave a family tea for Mrs. Bath (nee Francis) at her residence in town, at which the large connection gathered to greet the fair visitor from

On Monday the long-closed residence of Mrs. John Morrow was open to visitors, and Mrs. Eber Ward received a lot of callers, who are always eager to welcome her to Toronto.

Dinners at the Hunt Club have grown to be a fad of le monde on l'on s'amuse. The idea of distance fades with familiarity; as the wise man said, "We dread because we know not," and what seemed, a year or two ago, a pilgrim age, has become a mere trifle-a spin on the wheel, a little country drive or a small street car outing, with a picturesque short stroll through the woods to the hospitable Club

Last week there were several dinners given by well known mondains, at one of which the long table was sweetly decorated in lupins and ferns, and pronounced by the first lady in the land to be as pretty a board as she had ever dined at. On Monday evening a hospitable host gave a cosy dinner to eight friends, the table being set al fresco on the east end of the balcony, an example speedily followed by other Camping, Yachting & Tourist Season | parties, so that as many as could be accommodated dined in this pleasant Continental fashion. Before the moon rose, and when evening shadows grew too obtrusive, softly shaded lamps in rose globes were lit on the tables, with an effect quite charming. A recent addition to the staff of serving men at the Club House is proving quite an artist in table decoration. dinner aforementioned, when the foaming glass was filled the host raised it and re-marked, "God save the Queen," when the Jubilee toast was received with much enthu-

Hotel Hanlan was opened this week, and the first of the house dinners at the Yacht Club takes place on Monday evening next. Already the members have had splendid afternoons at bowls, and quite a few new members have been enrolled.

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The Lady in Gray.

OU are requested not to walk on the grass. But," I reasoned with myself, "in a world of romance it is necessary, it is imperative for one to walk on the grass. It is forbidden, says Mrs. Grundy, on the one foot, to walk on the grass. On the other, says self-respect, one must tread it down. The concrete pavements of convention and the gravel paths of prudery may suit the well-shod soles of the social automaton, but the naked feet of my living soul must rejoice themselves on the tender sward of the higher indifference. Undoubtedly we must walk-promenade-perambulate on the grass.

And green and juicy grass at that."

How green it is of a June evening around the mighty masonry where the affairs of Ontario are becomingly administered, let the soulful tax-payer declare. The bands have not begun to play just yet, and the conventional citizen is not aware of, or does not appreciate, the charm of the Queen's Park in its evening solitude and silence. It is not a solitude of desolation, but one peopled by the forbearing presence of the few who steal out to hear in the fairyland of the city the central murmur of her heart, and to see the shadowy figures that move among the trees like dream-born children of memory. Amid these we become reflective at eventide, and as vespers chime from a neighboring tower and our shadow world fills up with shining folk, it matters little to what world belong the red-bearded man and his bairns, or the nurse and her toddling charge, or the gliding athlete, or the sauntering lovers, or the fair one on her sileht wheel, who do duty in the world that is. Middle age has many compensations for the

loss of any of the alleged advantages of immaturity. And the greatest of these is love. As parents live again in their children, so I love again in my proteges. There is a charming infrequency in the opportunities of later life which adds its own delight.

In my own middle age I am satisfied that the vicarious amour possesses an unrivaled superiority. I embark on the sea of love as a passenger on the vessel of another's outfitting. All the excitement of the voyage is mine, and all the danger and the toil are his. Sometimes I have been satisfied with a canoe, and sometimes with a ferryboat, but at present, so far as capacity is concerned, I travel on an ocean liner. That is to say, I am an intimate friend of Charlie Weston.

Charlie is a particularly nice boy. But whether voluntarily, in the hope of ultimately attaining through practice the self-control whose possession he envies me, or by sheer misfortune. Charlie's heart is usually occupied on every deck, cabin, intermediate and steer age, and it has been always a matter of indeterminate fate as to who sat at the head of the saloon table. For these reasons I find Charlie's vessel afforded me the most agreeable route to

As I turned the north-west corner of the Parliament House it was in a mood of artistic anticipation. If I met Charlie, who had been invisible for a week, there would be gallant news. I found him on a seat in the central walk, north of the Pavilion. He nodded as I approached, but said nothing. I nodded and said nothing, but sat down.

Lovely evening. He grunted.

come for, then?"

I looked at the heavens and remarked, "Beautiful sky."

He grunted again. Well, the Sunday cars have-

"Don't be an idiot," he interrupted. "We didn't come here to discuss Sunday cars "Oh, we didn't, didn't we? What did we

"Billy, I'm so d--- lonely, I don't know

what to do." "There are two occasions when young men give way to that impression. One," I pursued reflectively, "is when the young man is afraid

That's what Bustard said.' What did Bustard say?"

to be wicked and wants an excuse."

"He said, 'Come along and be wicked; it will do you good.""

"And you went?" No. Of course not

responds with the loneliness.

What is she like?' " What is who like?"

"The reason."

She isn't a reason. "Say the argument then."

Billy, you may be clever, but you simply don't understand. There are things that are too sacred to talk about."

Let's hear about one of them, old man. "Will you be serious?"

"I'll be more. I'll be sober, or devout."

"Some weeks ago -" he commenced." Once upon a time," I interjected.

"Some weeks ago I was coming up the

Avenue, and I suddenly found myself walking behind somebody."

"That was subtle of you." I remarked. "It often begins that way.

"Oh, you just shut up, Billy. She was evidently a lady. You couldn't say why. It was simply apparent. There was no superabundant finery, no feathers, no jewelry, no pastry-cake richness, but the delicate elegance of a perfect flower."

I clapped my hands.

"Go on," it was necessary to say, for Charlie sulked. "Well, if you won't finish, I must. She was five foot six, weighed one hundred and thirty, walked divinely, looked benignly, and wore a hat with a ribbon, and her brown hair in the neatest fashion."
"You know her?"

"No. I know you. But let's hear about her. "A fellow can't tell you anything you don't know already. You must have known a devil of a lot of girls in your time."

"I'll be hanged if you wouldn't irritate Job." | cine.

"Not previous to his acquaintance with Mrs'

"But, Billy, seriously, I want your advice I never saw and never expect to see such an altogether-

"Not a la Trilby?" I interrupted.
"No, you brute," he answered hotly.
"Ah, I see. It is serious. You saw her

again?' "Yes, two evenings later I happened to meet

her on the Avenue. "You didn't happen on the Avenue the first

'Yes, but she didn't come. She came up the Avenue three evenings a week about the same

time. Of course I just had a glimpse of her each time, but wouldn't you hang around outside the gates of paradise if you had a chance?"
"Yes, I would. I'd hang around inside the gates of the other place if there should be a

chance. The object would be similar-a fairer "She used to go up through the Park, and I have been sitting on the seats around here

every other evening just to see her."
"Quite enterprising. Did you succeed?"

"Yes, but last Monday was the climax." "I am more familiar with a meat-axe. Pray

"I was sitting here, and there wasn't a soul about. It had been showery, you know, saw her come around the corner of the Build-

ings. My heart began to thump-"I know the feeling. Just like a stomach-

"You should have seen her as she came down among the trees, with the sunshine falling here and there among the branches on her dainty gray gown, and how it brightened and faded as she passed along. But, Billy, can you imagine how I felt when she walked right up to me and said, 'Mr. Charles Weston?'

"You don't say! This is indeed interesting." "I jumped up and took off my hat and said I

had the pleasure-"And she went right on, never minding me. Oh, she was as cool and as charming as an iced peach. She said: 'You will think this highly unconventional, but I wish to say to you what is very rarely said in these days of absurd artifice. No woman could fail to be aware of the admiration you have bestowed upon me for some weeks past. Had it been obtrusive I should have resented it. As you are a gentleman, I can, in one sense, ignore it. I have heard about you; I know your talents, your college honors; I know your reputation for seclusion and study; I know that you have no relatives and but few friends. As I am going away from Toronto to-morrow, perhaps forever, thought I would say to you that I like to have your admiration, and would like to be remembered by you. You do not know my name, and I prefer you should not. I would like you to remember me as an inspirationshall we say a type of the new woman?' and then she smiled so that I shall never forget till I die. She continued: 'I do not wish you to waste your life in mere scholarship. Knowledge is good, but wisdom comes in action. You have the means and ability to take your place in the world as one to whom the world turns for help. I have my own work in view; you will find yours also, and in after whiles I hope to hear of you. Do you understand me, now?' she asked. 'Do not make the mistake that young men of your age sometimes do and confuse interest with love, as it is called, but which is only a higher interest, the interest of the soul. I speak to you as one who, almost your equal in age, has the advantage in sex which a presumed inferiority in individuals has developed gradually through concessions made to women as a class. But as women must ever retain the charm of their womanhood, for this reason, which it would be an affectation not to recognize. I feel that I would be false to my own responsibilities did I not try to point you to something higher than the glamor of a young admiration. If my personality means anything to you at all, let it be the earnest of a higher ideal for the race, and one to which you are willing to contribute your life.' And then she shook hands with me, and walked away

"Charlie," I said presently, "the world is not such a bad place when women like that can dwell in it. And there are many such, even if they all have not the courage yet to even if they all have not the courage yet to walk on the grass.

"I could die for that girl," he remarked. "Far better live for her, as she suggested. It is time you were beginning to do something. Go into politics, or the church, or anywhere

where you can meet and mould mankind." "If I had her to help me," he said. "If you can't live for the real, you will never live for the ideal, my boy."

"Where do you think she's gone, Billy?" "How should I know? Perhaps for a mis-ionary, although I judge that is not her bent. Probably to London for the celebration."

"I thought of that, too. "Can't you be satisfied with a good thing at

its best, and leave it there? "No, I can't. Suppose I did go ahead and be a success, I would probably get married—every-body does—and no matter who she might be, that lady in gray would always surpass her in my secret heart.

"You are false to your vows before you take them. Such as you should remain single." "Unless they meet the lady in gray, you

Charlie has gone over to the Jubilee. Toronto, June, 1897.

The Children's Enemy.

now already. You must have known a devil a lot of girls in your time."

"Charles, I observe a note of profanity in our conversation this evening."

"Ill be hanged if you wouldn't irritate Job."

Stuck to the Agreement.

RAILROAD advance agent in West Virginia, whose business it was to go acros the country and win the favor of the residents, struck an inter-mountain region, and found that that particular county was practically dominated by an old farmer away up the ridge. The road wanted some-thing like one hundred thousand dollars from the county, and the old fellow, whose name was Searles, was willing, on one condition, to help out. He wanted the road to come near his own place. Cushman, the agent, looked over the situation, and after a time promised

"The line." he said. "will run within one hundred yards of your front gate. Is that near enough?"

Searles said it was, and an agreement was igned. Then Searles began an advocacy of the bond proposition, and the concession was voted Two years later another railroad man happened to be hunting in that county, and he stopped at Searles's house. Their conversation turned upon railroads, and the old man, pointing to a long rifle over the mantel, said: "The next railroad man that comes into these hills I'm going to shoot with that."

Mr. Smith, who had not yet disclosed his identity or occupation, asked for the reason. The mountaineer told of the bonds.

"But," said Mr. Smith, "if there was an agreement, the bonds are invalid."

"No, they ain't," the other responded sadly he done it. He run it within the prescribed distance. She's within them one hundred yards."

'But I don't see any railroad near here "Nope. Ye can't. But she's here. She runs through this hill by a tunnel, which starts a mile away. She's inside the named distance but bein' as I ain't a ground-hog or a rabbit I can't git direct access to her."



"Gosh! Readin' about the Queen there— that reminds me. Wonder why she never answered that last letter o' mine?"

Our Century's Wreath.

For Saturday Night.

There's a wreath for the brow of each century wour
With the richest and fairest of flowers, But ne'er has the brow of a century been crowned With a wreath that is fairer than ours

Enwoven with blossom and maiden-hair fern, That to beauty and honor belong-Ah sweetest of flowers the mind may discern 'Tis the voice of the bard in his song.

For the perfume we breathe from the shrub'ry of

Is the fragrance of Eden's green bowers-Whilst honor and duty to virtue belong; How heavenly fair are these flowers! Holmes, Browning and Bryant for violets we choose

By lavender Longfellow's known-Kind Hugo, true Tennyson, lily and rose, Such a wreath forms our century's crown.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

> How Stobart Killed a Bear. Calgary Herald.

N old and well known resident of the Lardeau is Jack Stobart. He has a reputation among other things for telling bear stores. There was once an eastern reporter who wandered as far west as Trout Lake, and having heard of Stobart's skill in this particular line got after him for a

"Well, I'll tell you a bear story, young man." said Jack. "It is about the first bear I ever tackled. I hadn't been long in the country "There was a reason also for that. It corbeesponds with the loneliness."

I sighed. "Some fair impossible Love," I

then, and this bear being a particularly one of the disposition of that particular kind of with the sunshine falling then, and this bear being a particularly big one bear, I turned round and hit the road for a while, but as I had a seventy-five pound pack on my back I began to get tired after we had both run for about half a day. Then the bear gained on me, so I threw off about half my pack, and just as the bear thought he had me I climbed up a tree and sat there on a cross limb with the bear watching me from below. This went on for an hour or two and then both the bear and me got hungry, so I began to look through my pack to see what I had left. The first thing I found was a stick of dynamite, and a happy thought struck me. I fastened a fuse and cap to the dynamite, and let it down to the bear, who smelled it and being hungry swallowed it at one gulp. Then I touched off the cap and in less than thirty seconds there was pieces of bear meat flying over my head.'

Wanted—Agents for "Queen Victoria, Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee." Overflowing with latest and richest pictures. Contains the endorsed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic history of her remarkable reign, and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only \$1.50. Big book. Tremendous demand. Bonanza for agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid. Write quick for outfit and territory. The Dominion Company, Dept. 7, 356 Dearborn street, Chicago. street, Chicago

Photographer (to sitter)—I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Skeate. Sitter—Oh, did you? Photographer—Yes; and also your friend, Miss Brown. (If you could raise your chin a trifle. Thanks). And what an atrocious-looking hat she had on. (After a pause). There, Miss Skeate, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression.—Punch.

"I AM FORBID TO TELL THE SECRETS OF MY PRISON-HOUSE"

Otherwise I could tell you that the sealed lead packets in which I am placed prevent my aroma and deliciousness from escaping.

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

Sola in Lead Packets Only

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents

She Could Not Eat.

The Statement of a Lady Who Was a Dyspeptic

Afflicted With Pains in the Stomach, Nauser and Vontiting-Constipation, Headache and Other Distressing Symptoms Followed. From Le Sorelois, Sorel, Que.

Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive organs are becoming alarmingly prevalent among the people of all classes, and it is safe to say that there are few ills afflicting mankind productive of more real misery than indigestion. It is said that happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand, and the state ment contains more truth than has been gen erally admitted. It may be said, therefore, that the medicine that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to mankind, a promoter of human hap piness, whose good work cannot be too widely known. Such is the opinion of Mrs. P. Lussier of Sorel, Que., and it is because of this that she gave the following statement to a representa-tive of *Le Sorelois*. "For some time past," she said, "I had been suffering from a malady that at first I could not define, but which proved to be a severe attack of dyspepsia. After each meal I felt a sensation of over-fulness, even when I had eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach, and frequently by nausea, and sometimes vomiting. Constipation followed, which added to my misery. In the interval I suffered from fever and slight headache, and became generally indisposed. At times the pain in the stomach was less severe. My appetite was leaving me, I had no taste for any thing, and at this stage my son Alfred, as sistant manager of Le Sorelois, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time urg ing me to read an article in that paper which related to the cure of a person similarly afflicted. I was skeptical and did not believe the pills would help me, but a few days later I re-read the article and decided that I would try this medicine, and I have much reason to be glad that I did so. I took a couple of Dr. Williams Pink Pills after each meal and little by little perceived that my digestion was becoming more easy. I continued the use of the pills for a little more than a month, and have pleasure in stating that my cure is complete. At my age (66 years) one greatly appreciates being able to enjoy one's meals, and I bless the day I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I

heartily recommend them to other sufferers.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostra tion, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula erysipelas, and restores pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the fe male sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork or excesses. Sold by all chemists and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock ville, Ont., at 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. There are imitation pills colored pink against which the public are warned. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Take noth ing else.

Easily Pleased.

Dependence on superfluities is one kind of helplessness. In one of his neighborly chats with a lady who lived near him at Sunnyside, Washington Irving gently reproved her complaint about the demands her children made

"I have to teach them so many things!" she said.

"Too many, perhaps," replied Irving. "Begin with one thing. Teach them to be easily pleased."

Tooth Saving

is a practice that too many people wish they had begun earlier. There should be more tooth preserving. To insure this more care in select-ing a...

Tooth Cleanser

is most necessary. All knowledge, experience and practice in the art of preserving teeth is combined in

lvoire Tooth Wash

An elegant antiseptic to cleanse, beautify and perfume the teeth and mouth, put up in large bottles.

At All Drug Stores

We know that Cod-liver Oil is a fat-forming food because takers of it gain rapidly in weight under its use and the whole body receives vital force. When prepared as in Scott's Emulsion, it is quickly and easily changed into the tissues of the body. As your doctor would say, "it is easily assimilated." Perhaps you are suffering from fat starvation. You take fat enough with your food, but it either isn't the right kind, or it isn't digested. You need fat prepared for you, as in Scott's Emulsion

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"It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition."—

British Medical Journal.

'The prototype of all Bitter Waters.' "Absolutely constant in con ORDINARY DOSE: ONE WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST. CAUTION: See that the label bears the signature of the firm Andreas Saxlehner.

Iron and Brass Beds Children's Cots

ALL KINDS OF SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES

LOWEST PRICES. AT THE NEW WAREROOMS OF

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CO., Toronto. ON ERS Streets

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served in the capacity of nurse to Colonel

...... QUEER CORNER

..... TWO DOGS. The dog item from Oakville in this column last week is paralleled, for the Orangeville Banner tells of a dog in that town that did

precisely the same thing—came home with a dollar bill in its mouth. Are there two such dogs, or has the Oakville dog gone to Orange-STILL ANOTHER WISE DOG.

On reading the item about the dog and the dollar bill, a correspondent of the Oakville Star writes to tell about a dog belonging to F. Lawson of Sheridan, a cocker spaniel possessed of great sagacity. He says: "One day, seeing his mistress setting the old goose, he ran off to a creek, about a quarter of a mile distant, and soon returned with a goose egg in his mouth, which he evidently had located some time before. He delivered it without injury in any

of a number of feats quite as remarkable that we could relate."

way. It was placed with the other eggs and in due time hatched a little gosling. This is one

VITALITY OF SEEDS. Without admitting such doubtful cases as those of seeds preserved in mummies having germinated, there are many instances of seminal longevity about which there can be no doubt. Books contain an abundance of instances of plants having suddenly sprung up from the soil obtained from deep excavations, where the seeds must be supposed to have been buried for ages. Prof. Henslow says that in the fens of Cambridgeshire, after the surface had been drained off and the soil ploughed, large crops of white and black mustard invariably appear. Miller mentions a case of Plantago Psyllium having sprung from the soil of an ancient ditch which was emptied at Chelsea, although the plant had never been seen there in the memory of man. De Candolle says that M. Gerardin succeeded in raising kidney-beans from seeds at least a hundred years old, taken out of the herbarium of Tournefort; and I have myself raised raspberry plants from seeds found in an ancient coffin in a barrow in Dorsetshire, which seeds, from the coins and other relics met near them, may be estimated to have been sixteen or seventeen hundred years old .- Dr. Lindley's Theory of

ORIGIN OF THE STEAM WHISTLE. One day in the year 1833 a man was driving across a railway track with a big load of butter and eggs. The man on an approaching train had a long tin horn and blew it lustily, but to no purpose, for the train struck the wagon and destroyed the whole outfit, except the farmer, who went off and sued the railway for damages and won the suit. A railroad director, Mr. Ashland Baxter, went to George Stephenson and asked him if he could not invent something better than a tin horn, and Stephenson at once devised an attachment to connect with the engine boiler, and from it has developed the steam whistle as we have it to-day.

TRY THIS. Here is a problem that has tripped up a few "A bottle and a cork cost \$1.10 and the bottle cost \$1.00 more than the cork. What was the price of the cork?"

TURNIP FLIES.

A farmer who has tried the experiment for several years says that soaking turnip seed in kerosene is a sure protection from the ravages of the fly. The remedy is a simple one and worth trying.

BIG SPECKLED TROUT. A brook trout, beautifully speckled and weighing four pounds, was caught in the Beaver River, Thornbury, by Mr. James Johnson last Monday. This fish was sold to Mr. Austin, telephone repairer, who shipped it to Mr. Dutton, teller in the Bank of Toronto, Barrie. Mr. Dutton will have it stuffed and placed in his museum. This is the largest we have heard of this year, and no "fish yarn."

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It is interesting also to be told that 937 convicts claimed to be of Canadian origin, 136 from the United States, 132 from England, 58 from Ireland, 34 from Scotland, and 14 from China. It will be seen that Canada, in this connection, is not behind. HOW MUCH A WOMAN SHOULD WEIGH.

A table of relative heights and weights given by Mrs. Etta Morse Hudders in the May number of What to Eat is worth repeating. The weight of ordinary clothing is included in the table. The woman who reaches the minimum or maximum weight for her height is recommended to look carefully after her diet, not only that her figure may be what it should

be, but for the sake of her general health. The table is: Aver- Mini- Maxi-age. mum. mum. Height. 132 5 feet 1 inch. 5 feet 2 inches .125 5 feet 3 inches 5 feet 4 inches 111 115 5 feet 5 inches .140 119 5 feet 6 ir ches 5 feet 7 inches .143 121 .145 123 126 131 5 feet 8 inches 5 feet 9 inches .155 179

> 138 141 6 feet. .170 THE OLDEST WOMAN.

5 feet 11 inches .

Probably the oldest living person in America is Mme. Candaleria, a Mexican woman, who

190 196

We Should Think So. N. Y. Truth.



M. D. (to anxious mother)—Your son's case is a very simple one; we will open his back, take out his spine and lay his lungs and heart bare, inject his liver with an acid, and insert a silver wire at the base of his thorax. We will then sew him up neatly, and you'll be surprised at the change it'll make!

Bowie of Alamo fame. Of the one hundred and eighty-odd defenders of the fort, Mme. Candaleria alone escaped the massacre. The old lady is still living in San Antonio at the advanced age of 114. She is withered with age and has been afflicted with total blindness for six years. She is tenderly nursed by her daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter.

> A Thrilling Scene. Washington Star.

"Do tell me something about the play," said she to the young man. "They say that climax at the close of the third act was superb." "Yes, I am inclined to think it was very

"Can't you describe it to me?"
"Why, the heroine came stealthily on the stage, and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of pink ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of purple flowers, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him twice, and sank half-conscious into a very handsome aigrette. This may sound queer, but the lady in front of me didn't remove her hat, and that's how it looked."

All Balled Up.

Up-To Date.

Miss Beacon—There seems to be a craze for armorial bearings in this country at present. Jack Wheeler-Do they run easier than the

Low Tide at Blackfriars.

Many a time in summer have I sat on the landing-stage under Blackfriars Bridge in London watching the tide run out; the vile, filthladen water. Lower and lower it sank, and more and more the grimy piers seemed to rise above it. It went fast, yet it seemed to hate to go. It was a wild beast drawn backwards by the tail. By and by it was all gone—all the tide water. What was left was residuum—water without character or reputation. No life, no sparkle, no foam. It hardly responded to the churning of the boat's paddlewheels, so dense and ambitionless was it. It was water—but I'll show in a minute what it was like, and why, by means of a human illustration.

"In the summer of 1889," writes a lady, "everything seemed to be a trouble to me. My strength and energy were gone. After partaking of food—no matter how simple it was—I had intense pain at the chest, and lumps would rise in my throat as though they were solid substances. A pain struck into my right lung, and my breath came hard and short. This was so bad that when I went out walking I had frequently to stop and rest as I went along.

"Subsequently I began to perspire profusely, and often my hair and linen would be wet with sweat. I became so weak I was unable to get in and out of bed or dress myself without assistance.

"Getting anxious about myself I went to a

have heard of this year, and no "fish yarn."

OUR WILD FLOWERS.

A young lady in Owen Sound is making a botanical collection of Canadian wild flowers and has secured forty-five varieties since the snow went away.

According to the report of the Minister of Justice, the following shows the religious denominations of convicts during the past year in Canada, but it may be pointed out that if a man follows the precepts of any one of the denominations he will not be a convict:

Roman Catholies.

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Woodborough, near Devizes, Wilts, September 22nd, 1893."

"In May, 1892," says another, "my appetite failed, and after eating the least morsal I had great pain and tightness at my chest and side. My busband got me all kinds of delicacies, but I could not touch them. I grew rapidly weaker, and for five weeks was confined to my bed, attended by a doctor and a nurse. I was too weak to raise myself in bed, and had to be moved from side to side. I had great pain in my legs, and a strange numbness all over my body.

"I was carried up and down stairs, and for months my life was despaired of. The doctor's medicines gave me no strength, and as I got daily weaker and weaker I thought my end must be near.

"One fortunate day my husband read in a newspaper about your remedy, and persuaded

"One fortunate day my husband read in a newspaper about your remedy, and persuaded me to try it. I did so, and after a few doses I felt easier. My appetite soon returned, and I gained strength. In a fortnight I could get about the house, and have never looked behind me since. I consider that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup saved my life. (Signed) (Mrs.) Alice Jones, 20 Well Street, Gerlan, Bethesda, near Bangor, July 3rd, 1893.'

Both these ladies were very ill, and both recovered rapidly and completely through the use of Seigel's Syrup. That is a fact: How are we to account for it? One was treated for consumption, and the other might have been with as much reason. Yet neither had it. How common and how fatal this mistake is. The most experienced doctors appear to make it. Consequently thousands of persons die annually of indigestion and dyspepsia (the disease which afflicted these two) when they might easily be saved but for this miserable blunder—that of calling it "a decline" and letting it go as incurable. Will the great host whom Seigel's Syrup is constantly restoring to health kindly warn other sufferers on this vital point? It is your duty. We are sure you will do it.

Indigestion and dyspepsia is like the low tide in the Thames. Through lack of nourish-

do it.

Indigestion and dyspepsia is like the low tide in the Thames. Through lack of nourishment the life force ebbs fast away, exposing the dank mud flats of disease, weakness and death. With the use of the right remedy comes the turn of the tide, and the river of being covers and hides the churchyard mould.

Shirked the Trouble,

An amusing view of matrimony is that pre-sented in a story told of two Scotchmen.

A country laird at his death left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live most contentedly together for many years.

At last, however, one of them said to the other: "Tam, we're getting to be auld men; you take a wife, and when I die, you'll get my share o' the land."

"Na, na, Jeems," said the other, "you're the youngest and the maist lively; you take a wife, and when I die you'll get my share, mon."

"That's always the way wi' you, Tam," said the first brother, "when there's any fash or trouble, I must take it all; you'll do naething."

> A Discreet Host. N. Y. Truth.

First Author-Are you going to be in tonight?

Second Author-Why? First Author-I want to have a long talk

with you. Second Author-About your work or mine?

First Author-Mine. Second Author-I'm afraid I'm going out.

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is a frequently heard expression on the city's streets. Muller's, nine King street west, is not only the most popular meeting place, but the most popular cigar and tobacco store in the city as well.

The lady.—I'll give you a good meal if you will cut up some of that wood. The tramp—Sorry, but I can't accommodate you, madam. The lady—Too lazy to work, I suppose? The tramp—Not that, madam, not that. I would be false to my trust. You see, I'm a member of the Society for the Preservation of the American Forests, and we never cut any wood.—Yonkers Statesman.

Excursion to California.

On June 29th and 30th and July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to California at the lowest rates ever made to the Pacific Coast, tickets good to return before August 15th. Stop-over will be allowed west of first Colorado point and any place in California. Diagrams of sleepers now ready. Now is the time to go and see this wonderful land of sunshine and flowers. The rate for the round trip will be less than the second-class fare one way; everything will be first-class. Detailed information from any R. R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, Ltd., Londop, Peris, and New York, and The Walter H. Cotting Rad Co.,
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for summer cooking is hard to overestimate. It will bake, roast, broil or toast just as well as any coal stove—yes, better, if you get a

and for warm weather use it is really invaluable. and for warm weather use it is really invaluable.

The Dangler is generally recognized as being the most improved and modern in its construction as well as the most thoroughly reliable and economical of all gas stoves—hence its unbounded popularity. It is the first choice everywhere of experienced buyers. Prices just as right as the quality, too.

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keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low. Oil Tanks situated away from

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burners to retain any char or oil soakage, thus preventing odor.

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Gossip from Europe.

a Canadian who has lived almost continuously in modern Babylon for now nearly two years, I am sure the readers of Saturday Night will appreciate a few pointers that I may give them concerning how best to do this great I should say at once to every visitor to London, don't go to hotels. Only the millionaire and the uninitiated patronize London notels; that is, if they intend to remain in a place more than a day or two. The best plan is to get two rooms, or more, as required, on weekly terms, and then, day by day, order from the landlady what meals, etc., you may require. This is the plan followed by all those who know how to travel with the maximum of comfort and the minimum of expense. Such rooms can be got in the neighborhood of, for instance, Russell Square, which adjoins the British Museum, and similar districts for from one to three guineas a week. The great point gained by such an arrangement is that when your day's pleasure is done you can go to your rooms and feel the privacy and the calm of

As a matter of fact, the majority of tourists take breakfast only at their apartments, as these rooms are called, getting the other meals and strode forthwith into the front rank of wherever their sight-seeing may take them. From personal experience I am convinced that if people would adopt the apartment system when visiting London or any other large European city, they would not, at the conclusion of their visit, find themselves worn out in body as well as in pocket. Hotels are always in the midst of the unceasing hubbub and rumble, but one can have his apartments within ten minutes' walk of Piccadilly Circus and yet find his environment as peaceful as his Canadian home.

When suitable apartments are obtained and luggage deposited therein, I think that every Canadian ought to go straight to the office of the High Commissioner for Canada, at 19 Victoria street, Westminster, and write his name and address in the visitors' book. By doing this, other Canadian visitors will know where you are and you may be agreeably surprised by having some old friends of bygone years drop in upon you at your "diggings." Besides that, all the names of the callers at the Colonial Office are duly printed in the Canada Gazette, which is distributed throughout the length and breadth of Canada. In this office also you will find the leading Canadian dailies and the latest issue of Toronto Saturday Night. If you cannot have the pleasure of chatting with Sir Donald Smith, you certainly will find the Assistant Commissioner, Mr. Joseph Colmer, C.M.G., a splendid fellow and a gentleman who takes a real pleasure in meeting and directing Canucks en route to anywhere.

And this reminds me that many Canadians come to London who seem half-ashamed of their nationality. They prefer being taken for Americans, understanding by that name citizens of the United States. This is certainly deplorable, and not only deplorable, but unpatriotic. The people of the United States seem to have annexed the word American, as they would like to annex all creation, to themselves, and, from sheer force of numbers and a considerable amount of braggadocio, they have can" that appeals to shop-keepers, to landladies and people of that ilk in this country, but that does not appeal to the ordinary English lady or gentleman. There is no country on God's green earth that stands higher in the estimation of English people than our own Canada. Financially, our bonds sell as high as the bonds of any other nation in the world. Physically, we are accredited with being a particularly robust, energetic and well developed race. Mentally and morally. I have heard Canada spoken of from platforms in London as the most advanced country in the world in education and the cleanest in morals. I do hope that there is not a reader of this paper who intends to travel east, who will so far forget himself, his home, and his country as to assume the too often tinselled name American rather than stand out clear, rugged and honest as a Canadian, which, mark you means British citizen. In centuries cone by, that man was most proud who could say civis Romanus sum, but I am one of those who have so much faith in the greatness, and the increasing greatness, of the Empire to which we belong that I believe we ought to feel still more proud to think we can say we are British

One of the biggest pieces of speculation that has sprung out of the Jubilee festivities is that undertaken by Mr. Maskelyne, the famous conjurer of the Egyptian Hall. By an arrangement entered into with a large firm of drapers, whose warehouse stands facing the north-west front of St. Paul's, this gentleman has razed the entire premises to the ground and is now erecting a grand-stand that will seat some 4,000 people and be replete with every possible convenience. I may say that the seats of this stand sell for twenty and fifteen guineas each. Immediately after the ceremony the stand is to be taken down, the original warehouse to be him down."

erected, and Mr. Maskelyne by August 1 is to have the building standing up again in exactly the same position and in exactly the same con dition as it was before. For the privilege of pulling down and putting up, he is to pay the firm of drapers £5,000 sterling; and yet, in spite of this huge charge and the further charge of building and taking down the grand-stand, etc., Mr. Maskelyne expects to clear £4,000 profit. I, for one, hope he does, for this is something certainly unique in the world of speculation, and it seems quite fitting that such a scheme should be conceived and carried out by the most eminent conjurer in England.

I see that Dr. Don Armour has recently been appointed House Surgeon to the Royal Hospital for Nervous Diseases in Bloomsbury, London. This is a distinction rarely conferred upon a colonial student, and, as far as I can learn, this genial medico of the House of Armour is the first Canadian to hold the appointment. I may say that Dr. Armour has obtained with honor his degrees of M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. Some two or three years ago a bit of a fuss was kicked up among a small section of medical men in Toronto because Dr. Armour was selected as House Surgeon of the General Hospital, their contention being that high standing in the class list should be almost the sole qualification for that appointment. Dr. Armour's recent successes in London more than justify his selection for the position in Toronto, and is a much-needed slap in the face for that narrow-minded style of man who wants to convince himself and others that the student who takes the highest number of marks on a given paper at a given time, is for that reason most fitted to take a lead in his profession. It is notorious that the phenoms in the college are very, very often the common or garden variety of men in the world. Dr. Armour is also an honorary advisory physician to the Actors' Benevolent Association, the president of which is Sir Henry Irving. A fine feather this in the cap of Don, and one largely due to the introduction of the best known Ontarioan in London, Mr. Franklin McLeay.

A few years ago Mr. McLeay played a small part in Wilson Barrett's company just before that company left the Metropolis for a tour that lasted till January, 1896. At that date, Barrett returned to London and opened at the Lyric Theater in the most talked of play of the last few years, The Sign of the Cross. In this woncharacter actors, where he is still located with eyes front. Since the withdrawal of the above play, he has played Dentatus in Virginius, Jediah, an original study in ancient Israelitish character, in the Daughters of Babylon, and Iago to Barrett's Othello. McLeay's Iago is as well received here as it was in Boston two years ago, and that is saying a good deal, when you remember that his rendering of the role was compared to Booth's. Actors are proverbially cosmopolitan, but Nero Jediah Iago McLeay never forgets the land of his birth and is always glad to meet Canadian friends, so when in town look him up. By the way, rumor is linking the name of the handson Mac with that of one of the most charming of London's actresses, the only daughter of an actor whose name stands high in the annals of the English stage.

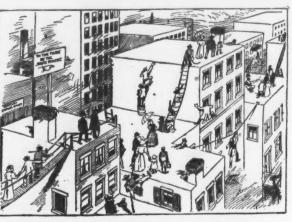
Most of the Colonial premiers have already arrived in town and are luxuriously quartered at the Hotel Cecil, the newest and largest hotel in London. The whole of this magnificent hostelry has been engaged by the Government for the entertainment of the national guests. In fact, the Cecil is really an overflow Buckingham Palace. The papers are beginning to talk about our own Laurier, and they are pointing out the fact that he is Prime Minister of a confederated colony, and that the largest of all the British colonies. From my observation of English characteristics, I am sure that the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier will be facile princeps among all the visiting colonial statesmen. His brilliant oratory will put him in the front rank of British orators, and the personality of the man will make him stand forth at a Royal levee or at a congress of Imperial savants. I have heard Balfour, Chamberlain, Harcourt and many other leaders in the world of speech, but not one of them can claim superiority to the brilliant Canadian. Don't think I'm writing 'gush;" by no means. We in the West have got an exaggerated idea of the abilities of much-talked-of people here. For instance, a ould at once disabuse a visitor's ideas of the supposed transcendent intelligence of the Motherland's M.P.'s. The great issues they deal with make them appear great. There is no great superiority in the men themselves.

At the Royal Military Tournament at Isling ton the other day, I noticed Major Wilbur Henderson of Toronto's 48th, just under the Royal box. He looked in splendid form, and I hould say his visit is agreeing with him, as I trust it will. He is located at the Chelsea Bar racks, where all the colonial contingents are quartered. I also saw Sergeant Williams, who used to teach me boxing by knocking me out in the first round at the old gymnasium at 'Varsity. Williams has entered for some of the contests in the great Tournament, and if he is in anything like good form he ought to be able to give a good account of himself. He has already taken several prizes during his seven years' service with the regulars in India and Burmah. Another Canuck that "does his country proud" is Mr. J. Roy Perry, B.A., of Toronto, who, with his father, the well known broker, is at present in town. I notice that all the Canadian visitors very soon make them selves at home. It is astonishing how they all get on silk hats about the second day after their arrival, and do the rounds of Piccadilly and the Park with the sang-froid of a seasoned HAMAR GREENWOOD. Londoner. London, June 4.

Child-Training.

Cincinnati Enquir "That boy of yours is a credit to his father, Williams.

"I must admit that he is. I think it was all in the system. I put in the first fifteen years bringing him up and the next sixteen calling Elevate the Tracks.



Proposed new route for pedestrians on bicycle holidays.



HERE is much significance in a care ful study of the result by goals of the lacrosse match, Shamrocks vs. Torontos at Montreal last Saturday. Not long ago the team that could win three out of the first five goals was carried off the ground victorious; and as Toronto won three of the first four goals scored on Saturday it would have won under the old system. Undoubtedly the new rule is the better one, yet the termination of Saturday's game suggests that in former times many a team may have won a snap verdict by scoring three straights in rapid style. However, a study of the result reveals much cause for encouragement to those who have been hoping that Toronto may get somewhere near the front this season. At the end of fifteen minutes' play the score stood 2-1 in favor of the Torontos. At the end of 31 minutes of actual play the score stood 3-1 in favor of the Torontos. At the end of 45 minutes of actual play the score stood 3-2 in favor of the Torontos. It was in the next 111 minutes of actual play that the Torontos fell back and the Shamrocks drew ahead. What does this mean? Does it not clearly indicate that in a game lasting half an hour the Torontos are superior to the Shamrocks three points to one? In a game lasting three-quarters of an hour their superiority declines somewhat and is only three points to two, and thereafter rapidly declines past the vanishing point, until after an hour of actual play the Shamrocks are superior. In other words, the Torontos are the better players, but in the worse condition. The team is not wound up to work in perfect order for more than half an hour. It runs fairly well for another quarter of an hour, but in the fourth quarter is quite run down.

This is not a serious failing. It can be amended. A team that can play superior lacrosse for half an hour can in ten days fit itself to play equally well for an hour, or longer. To again mount my hobby: It would be foolish to bounce players who need only gain staying power in order to hold their own with any team in the world, that is to say, the Capitals. Men who are not sure of their places on the team cannot be induced to train with all their might. Give the men a chance and they will sweep the board before the season closes

There has been considerable bickering in the press between the satraps of the Toronto and Tecumseh lacrosse clubs. The controversy is not edifying. Most people are, I think, of the opinion that the team which is composed exclusively of amateurs playing the game for sheer love of it and nothing else, should throw the first stone. There would not be many windows broken in that event. The great aim in life of a lacrosse club is to play lacrosse. It would seem that the Torontos and the Tecumsehs can play lacrosse. Why should they not meet and play for the city championship? I am sure there would be an immense crowd of spectators and a swift game. The rule that prevents the Shamrocks, Capitals and Cornwalls playing exhibition games with the Tecumsehs may or may not forbid the Torontos to measure sticks and do business with the Tecumsehs. However, to bring the matter to a head. I will offer as a prize to be competed for, in addition to the city championship: One gallon of best blue-black writing-ink, one ream of foolscap, and one gross of best steel pens. These will go to the winning club and, it is needless to point out, will come in very handy in the games played in the newspapers by the lacrosse men.

The Toronto Royal Skiff Sailing Club, and boat-houses adjoining, lost about forty boats, including skiffs, dingies, row-boats and canoes. in the recent fire. Few of these were insured. Owners who house boats of any value on the Esplanade would do well if they paid more attention to this point. Twelve years ago the buildings on the site of this last conflagration were destroyed, in common with nearly every structure on the water front in the great Esplanade fire. Last November Fred Evans' place across the slip was burned down. In February two rows of boat-houses, extending from the ruins of Evans' against the shore over a hundred yards out to where the old Rupert lies on the mud bottom, were swept away. There must also be mentioned the Electric Light fire and P. Burns' coal yard, and now the fire on the Saulter property, making five fires at the foot of Sherbourne street and vicinity within seven months The R. C. Y. C. fire occasioned another loss mong yatchsmen, though, if I remember rightly, the building and most of the contents were well covered by insurance. Still, this instance helps to show that the Esplanade is a district very liable to conflagrations, and boatowners would do well to keep insured. As for the boat-house keepers, they are finding it har

to get their risks accepted by the companies a

Speaking of the fire at Sherbourne street last week, one of the persons interested is rubbing his hands and telling his sympathizing friends things might be worse. At eleven o'clock of the night before the fire he signed the receipt on the bottom of an upturned boat for the cash for his share in one of the boat-houses burned next morning.

Irwin's team in the Eastern League has pulled up a couple of notches, but the game on Tuesday was the worst exhibition of ball that the team has put up for weeks. Indeed, if the team for some unknown reason had decided to give the game to Springfield, the trick could not have been done any better than it was. Gaston could not have thrown worse to first base if he had tried; Casey could not have done more to lose the game if he had tried than when he threw wild to third and let two men To cap it all, with three men on bases, Lush at the bat and nobody out, yet three of these star actors succeeded in getting out on Lush's hard infield drive. In order to do this it was necessary for Staley to walk in from second, but he had nerve enough to do it. The crowd didn't know how it all happened, and the new rule that makes it unnecessary to catch an infield fly under such circumstances, by no means entirely explains the muddle. It is a pretty good baseball team that can win when it likes from Buffalo and lose when it likes to such a nine as Springfield possesses. The team was omewhat disorganized by the absence of Smith and the consequent shifting of positions. The Torontos will probably be very near the leading place in another fortnight, for I think the club is now the strongest in the league. Casey has been catching every day for weeks, and it is hardly fair to work him so hard.

So far the cricket season has been rather uneventful. No matches of particular importance have yet been played, and the best known batsmen of the province have as yet failed to do much. In fact, I do not recall a season in which the mighty wielders of the willow have been so slow in getting into shape. George S. Lyon got up into the sixties once, but it was on the Rosedale grounds and against U. C. C. Some of the other men who figure every year in the Canadian eleven against the United States have gone down repeatedly before mediocre bowling. The Toronto club has not yet put its best eleven in the field. Perhaps the best game, as regards evenness of scoring, was that between Rosedale and Parkdale on Saturday last, when the former made 144 and the latter 91 for 8 wickets. For Rosedale, Montgomery made 58 by hard and sure hitting, Lyon 29 and Clement 14. For Parkdale, A. G. Chambers made 26, A. P. Read, 17, W. E. Dean, 12, and S. F. Chambers, 11. These teams meet again at Rosedale in an all-day game on Jubilee Day. Rosedale crossed the lake to play Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines on Wednesday and Parkdale is away on the same trip to-day. All the players will plunge into the game in the first week of July. A. H. Collins' team will leave for Chicago on July 2, the Trinity College Rovers will begin their tour, the New Jersey Athletic Club will be here, and Parkdale will p ay on July 1, 2 and 3 in Berlin, Clinton and

The lakes of the Lardeau country are well stocked with the finest and most delicious fish, says the Calgary *Herald*. At Trout Lake City our representative had the pleasure of eating some fried slices of salmon trout that would be hard to beat. The true fish stories they tell there sound big, but our representative can youch for the fact that one man caught 50 lbs. of fine trout in half a day and sold them to the Queen's Hotel for ten cents a pound. Our representative saw the whole weighed the largest after it was cleaned. It tipped the scales at 14½ lbs. The largest salmon ut on record as coming from Trout Lake weighed 28 lbs. There is no finer fishing ground in the world than Trout Lake, and the fishing is all done with hook and line; nets are not allowed and would probably be useless if

The first sailing race of the Toronto Canoe Club's season will come off this afternoon. It is a handicap open to canoes of all classes. The entries close on Saturday for the handicap tandem and fours paddling for the regatta. The novice single-blade race on June 26 promises to be more keenly contested than ever, as a number of very likely blades are in hard training for it. The programme for the regatta on July 3 has been specially prepared to entertain the public, including, as it does, a crab race, hurry-sourry, upset race, tilting tournament, and, greatest novelty of all, a tug-of-war in canoes. On Saturday afternoon last the club enjoyed a pleasant run to the Humber. The first sailing race of the Toronto Cano

The Tecumsehs open the home season with a game against the Nationals of Montreal at Hanlan's Point this afternoon.

H. S. Mahony, who holds the lawn tennis championship of England; Wilfred and Herbert Baddeley, who hold the doubles championship of that country and Ireland, and W. V. Eaves, who shares the English covered court doubles championship, have all signified their intention of crossing the water this summer to take part in the championships at Newport. It is likely that they will visit the Falls, and they will probably be induced to play at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

TL. D. The Barnums of Business. Ŏ++++++++++++++++++++++++++

The Story of a Dying Race.

N the matter of my discovery of one of the last of a dying race the facts are these and, to emphasize my accuracy and honesty in the following narration, I wish to say that those who doubt what I have to relate need not read another line! I live with an esteemed female who has been, and is, the sister of my mother. In looking after the estimates and collection of revenue my time is spent, while she, my aunt—which family tie I feel I would be called on to admit sooner or later-looks after the expenditure; an arrangement that seems mutually satisfac tory, I feeling that the providing of ways and means would be jeopardized in the hands of a woman, while she seems to realize that the important item of expenditure is not safe in the hands of a mere man.

Last week my aunt said: "John, I think you need a new hat and a few collars. You had better go down town with me to-day and we'll go to Bait & Fisher's, Limited, where we will be sure to get bargains. I want a bit of carpet and some few things that we can save money on.'

We went to Bait & Fisher's, Limited, and bought a few things.

When the bill with the goods arrived we

found the following items:

Hat, \$1.50..... 1 bar real imitation Whalebone Soap, 91c. 3 spools Irish-finish Linen Thread, 10c... "3 papers genuine hot-drawn Carpet Tacks, 10c."

An examination of the goods greatly pleased my aunt. "See, John," she said, "what we have gained on that little bit of a purchase, and, proceeding to itemize, she showed that we were just \$11 ahead of regular prices, without counting the half-rent on the bar of soap, which was of course lost because we did not take two bars. But our satisfaction was marred by the fact that we found the carpet-which was a remnant-would not cover the room by about one and a half yards as the gentlemanly clerk guaranteed that it would. We had no recourse but to look elsewhere for a couple of yards of the same pattern. I was commissioned to purchase it with the injunction: "Mind you get it at 75c. Don't pay the regular price for it.'

I went to the Emporia Co., Limited, and, showing the sample, asked if they had it. Yes. 'The price? 75c., regular \$1.15 goods, but we are selling low to clear."

I got the required quantity and then started thinking. Here were two important trading houses where such goods could be bought at so much less than the regular price. I should let as many of my friends know as possible, and, to gratify my curiosity as to how other shops managed to do business, I determined to go the rounds, enquiring for like goods to what we had purchased.

I called on Staple, Fancy & Co. "Genuine illusion carpet? This way, please. The finest line of it in the city. What price? We are really selling it at a loss, but we have such a demand that we just have to sell it at 75c. so as not to disappoint our customers. Regular price of it? Oh, those who don't make a specialty of it will have to ask about \$1.00 to \$1.15 for it." I ordered enough of it to make a rug and went out wondering.

I was feeling dissatisfied. I wanted to find ome of these people that sold at regular prices. I went to Cash & Company. "Illusion car-pet? Yes, 73c.; regular price \$1.18." I thanked them, but didn't want any to-day at that price. Here was a pretty fix! I had started to look up those that sold at regular prices. Where were they gone to? I called on all sorts of tradesmen and enquired for carpets, hats, furniture, thread, soap, stove-polish, etc., and found to my amazement that while prices varied slightly, the system of selling was uniform. They all sold at a great reduction on egular prices.

Limp and weary I entered a shop near clos ng-time and asked the man in charge for the prices of some of the articles I had already purchased. His prices were about the same as those of others.

"But what is the regular price of these goods?" I asked anxiously.

"I sell at about regular prices; perhaps in some cases less than others, but in all cases my prices are uniform, having regard to season and quality

"Let me salute you," I cried. "And you, my friend, congratulate me on having made a great discovery. I have found the last of a passing race. You alone in all this city sell at regular prices. Had I but known of you sooner I'd have given you a large sum to have a model of you cast as is fitting at this jubilee time. will write sonnets about you so that generations yet unborn may know what manner of man was he who sold not at cut rates," and, ordering a liberal supply of his different wares, I left him, promising that my aunt should work him into a sampler, and wended my way home ward filled with a great content

O. G. WHITTAKER.

A civic employee in a town in Ontario has for two or three years been drawing his salary from the town treasury, and buying all his goods by mail from departmental stores in Toronto. He not only did his own buying in this way, but he made himself very useful to others by assisting them to follow his example. Whatever he got was spoken of as a bargain. Even when shown precisely the same article. bought in his own town for less money than he had paid for it by mail, he would profess to see some superior quality in the article he had secured. He was incorrigible. It had become his fad to buy nothing in his own town. One day this spring he was quietly discharged and a successor appointed. I am told that since then he has been doing thinking, and now realizes that if all had held views similar to his, there would have been no town there to employ him or anybody else. He is at last penitent, but it is too late. He cannot get under way again. The men who make the town what it is employ the men who assist, rather than oppose them, in their efforts to make the place prosperous.

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1897

A Pair of Tan Shoes. 66 77 HY don't you come as far as Cleveland with us? You can get back by Monday morning."
"By Jove! I will," said Bangs. "So will I," said Stacy. And so, although the two had merely come

down to the wharf to see the charming Miss Macland and her mother safely on board, they ended by purchasing tickets and reserving state-rooms, and when the City of Detroit left the wharf and steamed down the river, Bangs and Stacy were among the passengers.

Miss Macland and Mamma Macland, after a

prolonged visit in Detroit, were returning to their home in Buffalo. It is hard to say how many hearts the fair Buffalonian carried with her, but there could be no doubt whatever as to her possession of those which were once the

property of Bangs and Stacy.

Before her advent these two had been bosom friends-the "Inseparables" they were called, and since each had discovered a rival in the other, the name had become even more appropriate.

Each suspecting, probably, that the other might make headway with the damsel if trusted alone, by a sort of mutual though unspoken understanding they clung more to their comradeship—if such it could be now called than ever. The lady herself had expressed no predilection for either. One advantage of this coalition upon the part of the rivals had been that nobody else had the ghost of a show.

They constituted official escorts for each and every occasion, taking it in turn to do the nors to mamma They really had

neither the slightest intention of accompanying the ladies to Cleveland, but on the spur of the moment Bangshadsaid yes, and nothing remained for Stacy but to go too, so there they were. Unfortunately

for Stacy it hap pened to be Bangs' turn. The young lady herself seemed to be aware of this fact, and it was her proposition that Bangs should take her upstairs to watch the search-light.

Stacy soon got rid of Mrs. Macland, who, although it was a beautiful night without a breath of wind, retired at once to her state-room in order, as she expressed it, "to get to sleep before they got out into that awful lake."

Then he prowled outside for a smoke. Bangs and Miss Macland were nowhere to be seen, so he got a camp-stool and planted himself at the extreme stern of the boat, whence he moodily gazed at the swirling wake which stretched

away back into the darkness.
"Let us sit down here; it's out of the wind." It was Bangs' voice, and Miss Macland's that said in reply:

"Very well; it was cold upstairs." Stacy heard them seat themselves just around the corner, but gave no hint of his pres-

"It was awfully jolly of you to come, Mr. Bangs," said she.

"I'm glad you asked me," replied Bangs.
"Do you know, I think I'll go on to Buffalo. I have friends there and might stop a day or two; there is nothing doing at the office."

"Oh! that would be just perfectly lovely," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "But how about Mr. Stacy?"

"Oh! Stacy," replied Bangs indifferently.
"Stacy can't come; he's got to be back by

A few more exclamations of pleasure on the part of the lady, a few more remarks from Bangs, and then silence broken only once by a half-whispered:

"Oh! Mr. Bangs!" Stacy knew by instinct that Bangs' arm was around somebody else's waist. He cursed his ill-luck in being the scratched horse on this occasion, but as he sneaked quietly away he

'Going to Buffalo with her, are you? Well, we'll see!"

He was rather surprised on entering the cabin to find everything in almost pitch darkness. Something had gone wrong with the electric motor and the glimmer of a few lanterns was all that relieved the gloom.

He collared the bearer of one of these and found his state-room. Presently he heard the voice of Bangs as he accompanied Miss Mac land to her room. Stacy, with his door open, could distinctly hear the parting:

"How dark it is." "Yes, something gone wrong with the electrics. Can you manage without a light?"

"Oh! yes; this is my room." "Just in time; that's my last match."

Good-night, Mr. Bangs.

"Good-night-There followed a peculiar sibilant sound that caused Stacy to grind his teeth; he might have torn his hair but for the fact that it had been recently cut and was hardly long enough to afford a good "hold." Then he heard a door shut and Bangs' voice speaking to one of the

stewards who had a lantern. "Say, will it be safe for me to leave my door open? I like lots of ventilation." 'Well, it's a little risky, but I guess you'll be

Then Stacy heard the door next to his open and Bangs' voice humming, "There's only one

girl in this world for me." "Noisy brute," he said to himself as he com-menced to unlace his shoes. "So he's going on to Buffalo, is he? Not if I can help it. The train will be waiting for the boat. If I can only detain him for half an hour they will go

without him. But how?" Just then he heard Bangs drop his shoe with

"Ah! an idea!" Stacy chuckled and smote his thigh. "The very thing—that will cook his goose—and everything fits in right. Oh! ho! friend Bangs, so you will go to Buffalo, will you? Oh! I don't know!"

He softly removed his shoes and seated him-self on the bed. For some time he sat waiting. Every now and then the brightness of the scheme and the certainty of routing the all-too-confident Bangs made him stuff a handkerchief into his mouth to prevent himself from laugh-

At last he softly opened his door and listened. From the next room issued the sound he wished to hear, the jubilant snore of the unconscious Bangs.

He stepped out into the corridor in his stockinged feet.

First he went to the stairway to assure himself that he was not observed. Down below he could just see, in the dim light thrown by the lanterns, a number of passengers who had no berths and were wooing Morpheus at a considerable disadvantage in chairs, on lounges, or stretched upon the floor itself, but nobody was

He crept quietly back and soon located the open door. Bangs had ceased snoring, but was vidently still asleep. Caution was required. Entering the room he felt about the floor with the stealthiness of a cat after cream. Almost the first things his hand came in contact with were what he wanted, a pair of shoes. He

sneaked out with his prizes.

Going along the corridor till he came to the door that led on to the deck, he opened this softly, gave the boots a swing, and next moment they fell with a splash in the lake.

He chuckled again as he entered his room.
"Oh! Yes," he remarked sarcastically, Bangs will go to Buffalo to-morrow-nit! not! neither!'

He struck a match to light another cigar. As the lucifer flared up a voice from the bed said

"Hullo! Stacy, what's up?"
The voice was Bangs', and one glance showed

him that he was in Bangs' room.
"Why, great Scott! I thought this was my oom. Beg pardon, old chap, you left your door open and I mistook it for mine." Just then his eyes fell upon two objects on

the floor beside the bed-two tan-colored shoes. He was seized with a horrible misgiving. Hastily saying good-night, he darted into the next room and lit another match. Horrors! It was as he had suspected; his

shoes were gone. He had mixed up the two rooms, and they were his own shoes that he had thrown overboard.

Stacy was not up next morning when Bangs and the Maclands left the boat at Cleveland. Bangs went to Buffalo. OWEN A. SMILY.

Laura Secord.

Charles Edwin Jakeway in The Lion and the Lilies, a Tale of the Conquest and Other Poems. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

On the sacred scroll of glory Let us blazon forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid pen of

So that all the world may read it, So that every heart may heed it, And rehearse it through the ages to the honor of her In the far-off days of battle,

When the muskets' rapid rattle Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord sped along
Deep into the woodland mazy,
wild and hazy,

Over pathways wild and hazy, With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing, And at once with dauntless daring Hurried off to give the warning of the fast-advancing

And she flitted like a shadow
Far away o'er fen and meadow,
Where the wolf was in the wildwood, and the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses Of the tangled wildernesses Sounds mysterious pursued her long the winding forest way,

And she heard the gutt'ral growling

Of the bears, that, near her prowling, crushed their course through coverts gloomy with their cubs in noisy play.

Far and near the hideous whooning Of the painted Indians, trooping

For the foray, pealed upon her with a weird, unearthly sound.

While great snakes went gliding past her As she sped on fast and faster, And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten all

Thus for twenty miles she travelled Over pathways rough and ravelled, Braving danger for her country like the fabled one

Till she reached her destination And forewarned the threatened station Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep in

Just in time the welcome warning Came unto the men, that, scorning To retire before the foemen, rallied ready for the

And they gave such gallant greeting,
That the foe was soon retreating
Back in wild dismay and terror on that glorious battle-day.

Few returned to tell the story Of the conflict sharp and gory That was won with brilliant glory by that brave Canadian band,

For the host of prisoners captured Far outnumbered the enraptured Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their native land.

Braver acts are not recorded In historic treasures hoarded, Than the march of Laura Second through the forest long ago,

And no nobler deed of daring Than the cool and crafty snaring
By the band at Beaver Dam of all that well-appointed

But we know if war should ever Rage again o'er field or river, And the hordes of the invader should appear within

Far and wide the trumpets pealing Would awake the same old feeling And again would deeds of daring sparkle out on

The peace that the Sultan would prefer,—A piece of Greece.—Punch.

Canadians in Berlin.

ANADIANS abroad are sometimes and so ostentatiously as many of their neighbors across the line, those feelings are nevertheless present and intensified by travel and residence in foreign countries. The proper time and place are all that are necessary to bring these forth. Berlin has always a small "Canadian colony," and the number of Her Majesty's subjects from the Dominion resident here for a longer or shorter period of time is gradually on the increase. Some twenty of these decided to celebrate Queen's Birthday in a manner becoming loyal subjects. An "Ausflug" to Halen See and Grunewald was arranged for the afternoon, but the weather turned out too unfavorable for the picnic. The day was not allowed to pass, however, without a celebration, and owing to the kindness of the wife of His Honor Lieut. Governor Patterson of Winnipeg, and the Misses Patterson, who threw open their salon for the evening, the celebration took place and was a pronounced success. In addition to Mrs. Patterson and the Misses Patterson, the following ladies and gentlemen were present: Rev. S. Lyle, D.D., and Miss Lyle of Hamilton, Dr. J. A. Dickson and Miss Irish of Montreal, Rev. J. R. Fraser, M.A., of Pictou, N.S., Mrs. Fleury and the Misses Fleury of Aurora, Rev. R. Laird, M.A., of Campbellford, Dr. W. H. Seymour and Miss Coates of Toronto, J. A. Leighton, Ph. D. (at present of New York). Prof. Van der Smissen, M.A., Mrs. and Miss Van der Smissen were unavoidably detained, as also was Miss Claribel Platt, B. A., of Chatham.

It is not to be wondered at that the conversa tion was an animated one from the outset, and the playing of a few games made it still more so. Early in the evening refreshments were served, upon which followed the toast to "Her Majesty," which was proposed by Mr. Laird in a few well chosen words. This, of course, brought the whole company to its feet, and the National Anthem was sung as only loyal hearts can sing it. Rev. Dr. Lyle, "on behalf of Her Majesty's representative present with us," responded in a very patriotic speech. Dr. Seymour, in proposing the toast to "Our fair Dominion," and Dr. Dickson, in responding, vied with the last speaker and each other in showing that their native land is dear to their hearts. They di-lated upon its greatness, in men and resources; its grand possibilities and magnificent future, and called attention to the importance of re-senting aspersions of every kind upon our glorious heritage, and the necessity of cultivating a more national spirit. Dr. Leighton felt quite at home in proposing the toast to "The Ladies," and Canadian ladies in particular. Mr. Fraser, in the choicest of language, sponded in a speech which called forth the unqualified admiration of all present, especially of the ladies. The previous speeches were excellent and sparkled with wit and humor, but this last speech earned for Mr. Fraser the encomium of being the best discur de bon mots of the evening. It goes without saying that everybody enjoyed the evening, thanks to the kind and hospitable hostess and her two charming and accomplished daughters, and that all present are more British and Canadian than ever before. "The Mape Leaf for ever."
ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

Driving a Ten-in-Hand.

N entirely new idea in tandem-driving has been introduced by Mr. Leopold Wesner, a Vienna whip. He drives ten horses grouped in the shape of a pyramid, and calls the feat driving a ten-inhand, but an American who witnessed the triumph of the Austrian has dubbed it a pyramid-in-hand. Mr. Wesner arranges his horses as follows: The four heaviest horses, har-nessed abreast, form the base of the pyramid. Then three other horses are harnessed in front of these, two more immediately before the three, and a single spirited bay forms the apex. As will be readily understood by all those who have tooled a coach, the principal difficulty is that of controlling animals driven at such a distance. The distance of the leader, as a matter of fact, is fully thirty-five feet. Another problem, that of keeping the horses in a straight line, is decidedly more difficult. Mr.



An X-Ray Photograph on Jarvis Street.

ANADIANS abroad are sometimes charged with a lack of loyalty. But if they are not found expressing their feelings of patriotism so frequently stentatiously as many of their relations. It also demanded a breaking of habits in estimating turning out accounted by the standard of the relationship of the standard of the standard of the relationship of the standard of the standard of the relationship of the standard of t Wesner confesses that, although used to tandem in estimating turning out acquired by the eye when driving four-in-hands. The sensation of being behind this pyramid is described by those who have had the experience as most novel and exhilarating, but there is little probability that members of coaching clubs in this country will take it up.

An Orient Maid.

John Stuart Thomson in Estabelle and Other Verse. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

I watched her tie her sandals on With ribbands soft as her dark hair, The while her robe of spotless lawn Moved to the toyings of the air.

And when her languorous eye-lids fell,— With purest pearl tints softly dyed,— The dimpled smiles on her cheeks tell What thoughts in her sweet memory hide.

From rounded shoulder to the tips Of tapering fingers, pinkly bright; And in the curve of her rose lips; Nature had lavished line and light.

A zone with sapphires sprinkled o'er Caught up the flowings of her gown; And pendent, jeweled charms she wore, To her warm bosom reaching down. I wondered if on lavender:

Or silken pillows, perfume-filled;
Or bed of aromatic fir,
She slept through nights, by love's dreams stilled.

Women in the Clubs.



HE Pioneer Club, one of the leading women's clubs of Lon-don, suffered a temporary eclipse a short time ago, but it has been reorganized, and has sent out a circular, in the course of which it says: "Within another generation

all the great clubs may be open to women as well as to men; and, in view of the enlarged and broad spirit which is uniting men and women, it would be unwise to make a binding legal agreement that the club should never be permitted to have men, as well as women, as its members." Will the "spirit" which is "uniting men and women" go so far (asks L. F. Austin in The Sketch) as to close to the clubman all the avenues of escape from woman! Will desperate men seek the north or south pole because, in civilization. they can not take a meal or smoke a cigar except under feminine supervision? In this aspect, the union of men and women is a fearsome development, which must make the British clubman set his face with greater rigor than ever against the periodical attempt to introduce women into his sanctuary. Now and then, a very young man will suggest the charm of a ladies' dining-room at the club, an apart-ment which would be hallowed by wives, and saved from too domestic conventions by cousins. The proposal is frowned down by the elders; but who can say what will happen a generation hence, when these conscript fathers are sleeping under veracious epitaphs, and the Pioneer Club

has planted emissaries within the citadel?

Mr. Austin would entreat the new organizer of the Pioneer Club to keep this "uniting" spirit within bounds. "Between man and woman," he declares, "there can be no absolute community of interests. A man who was always in the drawing-room would be voted a bore by his womankind; a woman who took to haunting the 'great clubs' would be set down as a nuisance. Don't tell me she would use the privilege in moderation; there is no moderation in emancipated curiosity. Half the domestic trouble of this island springs from the sentiment that 'a wife's place is by her husband's side.' In the average household this fallacy is often made an insatiable idol, to which are sacrificed peace, love, and rational intercourse. A man must have a place where he can discuss with his fellows subjects which he cannot discuss with women; and this is one signification of that rooted inequality of the sexes which can never be eradicated. It is true that there are clubs already where men and women meet; but no clubman takes them seriously. He will drink tea, and occasionally dine, at such resorts; these are social duties which have nothing to do with his club life; they employ his superficial accomplishments. Once within the monastic portals of his club, you see the real clubman, not always an imposwhich are well enough for the tea-table, and woman is an unattainable ideal; but 'twixt

conspicuous, especially in the smoking-room. Commenting upon Mr. Austin's view of the subject, the San Francisco Argonaut says that American women are more companionable than English women, and are therefore more likely to be admitted to clubs. The plan of having a ladies' annex has been successfully tried in several of the leading cities, and giving as it does opportunities for an exchange of courtesies which has hitherto been wanting, it has come to stay. On this club question opinions are likely to be very conflicting.

Who Sent the Cheque?

N anonymous donor has just given a cheque for twenty-five thousand pounds to the fund being raised in the name of the Princess of Wales for banquet to the poor of London on Queen's Day. This vast sum (one hundred and twenty thousand dollars) as the gift of one person to such a cause is generally regarded in London, not as a splendid manifestation of disinterested benevolence, but as a bold bid for preferment.

People in London began to look suggestively at Mr. Astor. It is pretty generally believed that he has hopes of a peerage, and this gift looked very much like the sort of stroke that a rich New Yorker in London would make in trying to rush the goal. The New York papers also picked on Mr. Astor as the man, but a writer in a Chicago paper quite confidently named Mrs. Bradley-Martin as the author of this act this lady avowedly went to London to make a form now.

'sensation" such as she recently made in New York. It is not easy to be conspicuous in London, the newspapers are so different from those in New York, and society so much more conservative. It was, therefore, regarded as likely that Mrs. Bradley-Martin had challenged attention by donating this money anonymously, with the purpose of letting the fact leak out at the suitable moment.

It turns out, however, that it was neither Mr. Astor nor Mrs. Bradley-Martin after all, but Lipton, the tea man, who astonished the Princess of Wales with the big cheque. It seems that Lipton is to get a peerage, and felt called upon to do something that would distinguish him from the large company of honorgetters in this famous year. But the United States newspapers may be excused for suspect-ing Mr. Astor and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, for the thing was just a little bit boisterous and new-millionarish."

A Loyal Man.

LD FOGHORN," the gaunt, stub-ble-faced paper "boy," came down the steps into the noisy newsboys' rooms with an unusually purpose-ful expression in his loose, bent-kneed, round-shouldered figure and his not too

intelligent countenance. Foghorn is an Irishman of fifty with a voice like a stone-crusher, an Irishman's love for whisky, and a loyalty to

Britain distinctively his own.
"Here," he said, poking his face close up to the wire netting at the counter, "give me back me money," and he thrust his papers through the pigeon-hole.
"What's the matter with 'em?" asked the

man behind the counter. "Give me back me money, or I'll tear 'em,' reiterated Foghorn, leaving the ends of his

sentences high in air in the Irish fashion.
"They're all right. What are you kicking about?"

"All right? Where's the pitcher of the Queen? Show me it. Where is it?"
"Don't you bother about what's in the paper,"

said the man behind the cage soothingly. and sell 'em." "I wouldn't have the impudince to offer a man or a lady a paper without a pitcher of the Queen these jubilee times," cried Foghorn

hotly. "There ain't a queen in it all the way "Well, look here," said the clerk, "what did

the Queen ever do for you? She's given you sixty days many's the time."
"Yes, an' I desherved it too-drunk I was, drunk as forty cats. I wouldn't have the cheek to these Jubilee times."

"She don't put any money in your pocket. Those papers are all right. Get out and hustle." "According to your ignorant opinions, mebbe," said Foghorn with biting scorn. "Just you give me back me money.'

There was nothing for it but to comply.

Who Has Loadstone in Canada?

TORONTO man in Johannesburg, South Africa, has sent home £2 to be invested in loadstone. He says that the Kaffirs value it highly, believing it able to cure wounds and broken bones. They pay big prices for small pieces of it. He thinks that if he can get some sent out to him, (10,000 miles across the North and South Atlantics), he can make a small fortune. Loadstone is an iron ore naturally charged with electricity. It seems to be as scarce here as in South Africa. The hardware stores don't keep it, the electrical supply firms say that magnets are charged without the aid of loadstone, and have none in stock, and the different electrical works have no occasion for

its use. The Toronto man in South Africa will have to charge a piece of cast iron and palm it

off on the natives. Another interesting fact is reported to us this week. The dark purplish sand found on the beach at various parts of the lake shore near Toronto is perhaps not generally known to contain iron. Nevertheless such appears to be the case. A gentleman well up in mineralogy went over to the Island with a magnet. He found the sand adhered to it eagerly. It is supposed that a ridge of soft ore lies exposed to the action of the water somewhere under the surface.

Publishing Notes.

Mr. Barlow Cumberland of Toronto has written The Story of the Union Jack, and the volume will be published in a few days by ing creature, but stripped of the minor arts William Briggs. Mr. Cumberland is perhaps our best local authority on the subject of which prompt to speak the thought at the back of one's mind. Absolute candor from man to one. It will contain nearly fifty illustrations, several of which will be full-page colored litho man and man, the truth is not infrequently graphs, and some reproductions of rare old

prints. Estabelle and Other Verse by John Stuart Thomson is a volume of superior verse just

published by William Briggs.
Soldiers of Fortune, by Richard Harding Davis, is a romantic story of an American (and others) in a South American Republic, and the plot culminates in a revolution. The work is published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, and must be described as one of the most stirring romances of the period, somewhat in the style of Anthony Hope's works. There is, however, no reason why Hope should have a monopoly of that sort of thing, especially now that Richard Harding Davis has shown what he can do.

Victoria Sixty Years a Queen, a Sketch of Her Life and Times by Richard T. Lancefield, with an introduction by Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education for Outario, This is a handsomely bound and freely illustrated work just published by G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto. It is very appropriate to the time, and possesses so many attractive features that it is sure to command a very large sale.

In a Fleet Street Tavern.

Punch. Jawkins (to Pawkins).-What's become of Rawkins? I haven't seen him lately. Pawkins.-Don't you know that he went out

as a volunteer to Greece? Jawkins .- No; but it's very appropriate. He was the best long-distance runner when I was of singular ostentation, and pointed out that at Cambridge, and I expect he's kept up his

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Anecdotal.

A gigantic haddie bone, such as would have settled half a dozen ordinary men, had been removed from the gullet of a son of Caledonia, and the Glasgow surgeon said: "Tis wan o and the Glasgow surgeon said: the maircies o' Providence it didna kill ye, Sandy." Sandy turned the trophy over curiously and replied: "Aye, an' I'd like ta keep it as a relic." "Then a'all tell ye hoo, ye maun keep it in som' place whaur 'twill be soaked in speerit-say whusky--" "Ay, docther, docther," responded the laddie, "ye micht well ha'

The ready wit of Miss Ada Rehan is well known, and occasionally some story of her quick repartee penetrates the strict seclusion in which she keeps herself, and thus reaches the outside world. One day a rising young dramatist and Miss Rehan were standing together in the wings of the theater. "Are you a quick study?" asked the playwright of the fair actress. "Yes," replied she. "Then how long will it take you to like me?" "Present or absent?" was Miss Rehan's ready reply. For once the other had nothing to say and could only laugh at the smart retort.

An old revolutionary soldier in Portland had

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a small pension, of which he was very proud, and by doing such work as he could, he secured a sufficient income to provide for his modest wants. One day he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs, and fell almost to the bottom. The mistress of the house hurried to him in great alarm, and asked if he thought he was seriously injured. "I guess not, ma'am," he said, rising stiffly to his feet and gasping with fright; "I don't think I'm killed. But when I was half-way down the stairs, ma'am, thinks I, I'm a-going to lose my pension, sure!'

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, when he was ooking about for a country home to settle down in some years ago, was greatly taken by a spot situated in the town of Dorchester. He found when he wished to buy the land that it belonged to a land company, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was president. At a meeting of the company, Mr. Hardy's offer to purchase was alluded to with the remark that it would have to be declined. "What Hardy is it?" asked the Prince. "Not the novelist?" When told who it was. H. R. H. said : "Let him have a few acres; he has set his heart upon it, and we must do all we can to make our authors contented with life."

The Bishop of Manchester is a cleric of excelent sense and toleration. Before his elevation to an English See, he officiated as Bishop of Melbourne, Victoria, and he was rather given to lecturing in out-of-the-way places. One night he had to make a talk in a far-off township in the mountains. The hall was packed, but a young bushman, attired in a striped shirt and moleskin trousers, and wearing a flaming red comforter, was determined to push his way to the front. He thought he saw a vacant seat on the platform and made for it. "Would you mind shoving up a bit, misses?" he said to a quiet, homely-looking lady. "No, no; you mustn't sit there," interposed a local clergyman; "that's the Bishop's wife." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the Bishop, who had overheard the "Squeeze up a bit, Mary." And Mary remark. did.

Between You and Me.

THERE was a morbid streak in me, a glance at a certain crimson-covered volume on my desk has killed it for ever, and the book is hastily covered up and put in a back shelf with plenty of time to become covered with what an æsthetic ex-convict used to call "the bloom of time." Some day, someone will brush it clean and read on its cover, "Ye Booke of Martyrs," and will wonder and stare at its gruesome contents, and marvel, perhaps, at the woman who could have read and owned it. But she will not read it, being a bit tired of the martyrs. The world has no time for martyrs, and has grown a decenter and better world since it took holidays to frizzle people and skin them alive and slowly hug them to death. Don't tell me that there are just as many martyrs to-day, flayed by cruel words, and burned by passionate ogres and crushed under the burden of care heaped remorselessly upon them. Hard words have just the power you allow them to have; words are the greatest humbugs, and one can keep oneself cool, though the fires of passion and hate burn flercely next door, and no one needs to carry a bigger load than one finds comfortable. They do it because they're stupid, dull-eyed slaves walking about in fetters fastened with a hook and eye instead of a lock.

I cannot realize Fox's Martyrs, which shows how much kinder the world is to-day. Quite a few persons adopt the role of martyr these days, and the world so soon tires of them. If little girls and boys block her way. Then she there are to be any such creatures, the world won't have them ready-made. It has always preferred to flay and roast them itself. And it laughs at martyrs and says, "Get along and don't be tiresome," to them, and they find out, poor posers, that woes are not marketable and no one desires tears and laments. Therefore, my friends, if one has troubles, let it be under stood that no one is aching to share them Halve your jolly times, if you will, but if you want the world to welcome you, the great care-burdened, awful world, keep your griefs in your pocket and your shadow always behind

And let it be done without bitterness. There s a great danger of the souring of the nature that has posed for sympathy or honestly expected it, and been greeted with impatient scorn. Bitterness is a deadly poison. One sees traces of it so often in the biting tongue; stops not even at the grave; the rejoicing over meone's embarrassment, or trouble, or loss. Surely every day of our lives, in our busy social and commercial center, this bitterness meets us hydra-headed. The poor revile the rich, and crow when some misfortune overtakes them: the girl who has been neglected, evens up with her rival by some quiet innuendo or open criticism, and the whole atmosphere quivers with the pain of mistrust, and strife, and revenge. Is it not so?

It was the preservation of the sweetness of human nature that seemed so important long ago, when what have been called the non-combatant rules of life were given to a jeering world by the Perfect One. It is really the most precious quality one can possess; having it, one is well loved. There is no more charming thing to be said of any man or woman than that they can overlook an ill and meet their would-be enemy with frank good-will. It takes two misguided persons to make one enemy, and no one needs to have such a luxury if one loesn't want to.

There is a woman to be pitied just now! It is the lady who is learning to ride her wheel alone. She goes out in the back lane, where there are not too many ash-heaps and tomato cans, and, if possible, where a horizontal board fence gives her a chance to clutch a starting support. She trundles her wheel close to the fence, looks up and down the lane to make sure neither small boys nor human beings are in sight, (small boys, be it remarked, are not numan when they view the lady trying to learn to ride by herself), and having carefully "set" her pedal, seizes her handle-bar in a nervous, vice-like grasp and slowly lifts herself to the saddle. The right pedal whirls around under Its Drawback.



"What a pretty little cottage."
"Yes, mamma; it would do nicely for us if it wasn't for papa and the children."

the middle of the lane, where the lady a hat. Don't try to do too much; go cautiously at promptly turns over and sits down on a well filled sheet of fly-paper and several egg-shells. Slowly she drags herself out of this interesting confection and shudders at the dust and dirt upon her nice little serge skirt. Once again she betakes herself to the fence, after having whirled each pedal to be sure nothing has suffered but herself by the fall, and having deposited the fly-paper in a safe nook by an adjacent ash-heap, gets into position with a heightened complexion. This time the wheel jibes the other way, and a nail in the fence tears a great jag in her new skirt, while the splintery top board skins her protesting hand and smears her fresh-boiled blouse. The dismount she accomplishes is a cross between the atrocious last effort of a Bowery skirt-dancer and the attitude of the infant Samuel at prayer. Her knees get it this time, a banana skin adhering to the front breadth of her dress, and the torn section waving gracefully beside her. Her face is red but firmly set as she leads her wheel carefully once more to the starting point. Dirty, torn and bleeding, she slowly mounts and makes a bee line for a little vellow dog that is rooting in a garbagebox. In a second the lane is filled with yelps and the little dog limps off with a broken leg, while the poor lady secures at last a soft spot to fall, alighting on the top of a pile of ashes and potato parings. She sits there and measures with triumphant eye the distance she has traversed on her wheel. And in that blessed consciousness she does not care, though her nose be full of ash or her hat battered over one ear. She has ridden alone After the sixteenth round she goes careering madly the entire length of the lane with the fly-paper stuck on her front tire. Master of herself and her wheel, a sorry sight indeed, but happy until, as ill luck would have it, school is "let out," and a horde of horrified gets her great work in, knocking down a redheaded boy, jamming a little girl with braids against the lamp-post, and finally being headed off by a scandalized policeman, who roars, Ah! come now. Would ye?" LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1, Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. dents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste.
3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclo sures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CORALIE.-Your writing is almost identical with that of Madaline, except that you n keep a secret while she never could in the world.

MADALINE.-Not very forceful, but very deliberate persistent, and apt to succeed in your ends. Writer is gentle and generous, discursive, and rather bright in perception, fond of talking and more than apt to tell all she knows. It is not an able or concentrated

NINA F .- A cheerful, well balanced and pleasing character, somewhat tenacious and at the same time not obstinate. Good perseverance, good temper and some originality are shown; social instincts are strong, and practical rather than sentimental rea sons will usually sway your decision.

GRACE, DEAR .- I hope you've had many a good ride. Your study shows a warm and frank nature, full of impetuosity, very self-assertive and over emphatic in small matters. You are careful, but not yet by any means perfect in method. It is a quite undeveloped study and it's not fair to pick it to

MARION AUSTIN.-A very decided and determined person, markedly in earnest, emphatic and self-reli-ant, great force of conviction, some pride, and very marked independence. Writer has prejudices and is hard to convince, likes society and should be a leader rather than a follower. Would be improved by suavity and more sympathy.

Mystery and Conundrum. -1. Gather in the wager; you have won. I can't think the big brother was in earnest. 2. It's not invariably wrong, generally not a question of ethics at all. Don't do it, however! 3. Your writing shows sympathy, proneness to be influenced, a persistent and even purpose, a very just and well-poised mind, plenty of quiet force, refinement, and liking for the opposite sex. You are discreet, conscientious in method and very reliable

and truthful. ANITA .- I. For your garden party provide exactly as for a tea, and as you have a veranda, arrange so that in case of bad weather the table may be set under its cover. If you have music it will certainly add to the pleasure of your guests. Have any num wice-like grasp and slowly lifts herself to the saddle. The right pedal whirls around under rugs before them. 2. From four to seven is the limit. 3. Certainly, if it is quite al fresco, you should wear

first. 4. Certainly not; it would be decidedly vulgar it is never done.

META CEPHAS.-1. It's a delightful study. Read the Testimony of the Rocks. Get Page's Geology for a study-book. Perhaps it's old-fashioned; I don't know. It's the first book on geology I ever studied, and it gave me the love of the rocks. I love hoary old things that lift one out of littleness. 2. Your writing shows force, perception, perseverance and thought. You love music and have acquired considerable culture. Is it really true that you are not yet out of your teens? Certainly, write to me as a friend. What else am I?

MACKENZIE.-I quite believe that for some men the life you lead is desperately lonely. Judging from your letter you need affection and home life more than most people. If a letter to this column is really a pleasure, by all means write whenever you feel dis posed. But I will tell you a better plan, Mackenzie. Find a nice little woman, of sunny disposition and with very few nerves, and install her as mistress of your heart and such a home as your means permit. I don't favor matrimony as a panacea for all woes, but it's the medicine for you.

JOHN HALIFAX.-1. Fiddle-dee-dee! That's all I say. Nansen's book is enchanting. Never mind what he believes or doesn't believe about religion. I honestly think he's nearer the right thing than you are. Now then! 2. Your writing is highly nervous, enthusiastic and as narrow and restricted mentally as your words. You are sincere, bigoted and ex-tremely sensitive. A trifle of selfishness and a mountain of tenacity and obstinacy; very small affection and no generosity. Oh, John! John! and you belittle Nansen because he doesn't go to church. STAY AT HOME.—1. I should be ashamed to tell anyone that I'd lived all my life in Toronto and had

never seen the Falls, unless some hard reason had stood in the way. Please don't lose any more time but get the good of them into your life right away. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of ability, som self-will, and at the same time a curious vacillation You are easily discouraged, but could do fine work if only you believed it. There is something I don't understand in your writing, but I am going to hazard a guess. Are you not either a cripple or have suf fered from some severe accident or shock to your nerves? It grows upon me! I believe it's not your fault, my dear, that you've not seen the Falls. I am sorry for you; now, am I right?

SNOOKS.—1. My answers are certainly sometime written in the editorial office." Where else would Where else would ou have them written-on the bicycle? In trying to be funny you got a little bit off your trolley, my good man. I dare say what you meant was that some of my letters were fakes. Well, all I can say is, seeing you've waited over two months for your answer, owing to pressure ahead of you, you've had ample time to change your mind. I should be most happy to allow you to glance into my letter-box, if that would "enlighten you." Don't be so fresh! 2. Your writing shows energy and enterprise, some conceit, and admirable force, hope and ambition. You are somewhat swayed by impulse, not always

Our I's and....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn, who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers: not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

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well considered, and you are very pushing and able to make things hum if you wish to. Independence and abundant vitality are leading traits.

Laying the Hurricane.

From Punch.
(Oriental Sequel to Raising the Wind.) CENE—Constantinople. Present—His Majesty Je-Re-Mi-Ah-Didd-Ler and Ambassadors.

His Majesty-By my beard, I must have Athens, Thessaly, the Crown Prince as a slave for life, and the revenue for a hundred years! First Ambassador—Impossible.

H. M .- Then allow Athens to go. The entire Grecian population in chains will do as well. See, this is my decision. I have spoken. Second Am,-Impossible.

H. M.-Then sell all the ancient monuments by auction, and let me have the proceeds. Is not this well? Have I not spoken wisely? Come, by my beard, it shall be so! Third Am.—Impossible.

H. M.-I speak but once more. I will have everything. King, capital, and the entire

Treasury. All the Ambassadors—Impossible.

H. M. (resignedly)—Well, well! Kismet! Stay! You will not be hard with me! You

will not refuse me everything! If I may not have Greece and all it contains, you will not decline to lend me the ridiculous sum of two and sixpence halfpenny? [Curtain drops for the request to be taken into consideration.]

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Ladies' Oxford ties in new green, in fine mahogany and chocolate colors in blacks and tans. Hand sewed turns and hand welts in all widths of American shoes.



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Thou-r, ED-c., ex-louse,

ver rce

1897

Rembrandt's splendid collection of pictures gathered by himself "with much love and to finally select some of the pictures to remain eare," brought only about five thousand guilders. What a fabulous price would be offered to-day for that collection! He lived to "outlive his popularity," and those who, of comparatively recent years, would trace the history of this greatest of painters have found difficulty in the province. Further reference to the works on exhibit will obtaining the reliable facts of his life. How many there are, truly great, unappreciated, misunderstood by their contemporaries, who leave to future generations to discover and acknowledge the genius they failed to discern.

It has been well said that it is chiefly by private, not by public effort, that a city must be adorned. "It does not matter how many beautiful public buildings you possess if they are not supported by and in harmony with the private houses of the town." Every patch of green sward, every lovely flower and ornamental bush, every trailing vine, every neat walk goes to make up the sum total of a city's beauty; and every citizen who truly appreciates his home will be careful to add his con tribution to the general loveliness and order, thereby assisting in the cultivation and development of those better feelings which tend to elevate and purify the character and raise the standard of public morals.

One of our lady artists has discovered ample material for sketching for a week or more on a road behind Reservoir Park. She is specially delighted with her find, there being many lovely pieces, some pretty cottages, etc.; a place evidently not much frequented by artists.

We are glad to learn that Miss Spurr has safely landed in England and is at present at Red Hill working with Mr. Holder.

Miss M. Cary McConnell has taken charge of Mrs. Dignam's classes in Moulton College during the absence of that lady.

The Art League sketching trips for the month of June are on the Don flats. Thither quite a party resorted last Saturday, fully appreciating the improvement in the weather, which has been a serious drawback to sketchers this

The closing exercises of the Bishop Strachan School will be held on June 26. As will be seen by those who attend, the art branch will their children's names?" be a special feature of the closing. This has been for some time under the efficient charge of Miss Hancock, and we venture to predict will speak much for both teacher and pupils.

The ladies of Rosedale who have organized the Woman's School Art Association for the purpose of providing suitable pictures for the Rosedale public school, deserve to be very highly commended. An exhibition of paintings was held in the Rosedale school last Friday and Saturday, and among those who have loaned pictures for the occasion were: Mr. B. B. Osler, Mr. R. Y. Ellis, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Cockshutt, Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. James Smith, Mr. W. S. Williams, Mr. Joseph Rolph, Mr. G. A. Reid, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, Mr. George Bruenech, Mr. Manley, Mr. Martin, Mr. B. E. Walker and Mr. Cox.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy's portrait bust of Her Majesty is a satisfactory piece of work, and art-lovers will be glad to know that replicas are being made in bronze and silver, neat little souvenirs of the Jubilee. The bust is eighteen inches in height.

The English Royal Academy has just received a severe snub from the Paris Salon. The venerable landscape painter, Harpignies, who has exhibited at the Paris Salon for the last halfcentury, this year sent a picture to the Royal Academy, which was rejected. And now the news is published that the Medal of Honor of the Champs Elysées Salon, a distinction which is eagerly sought by even the greatest Continental artists, has been given to M. Harpignies.

Great preparations have been under way for some time for the opening of the new art gallery

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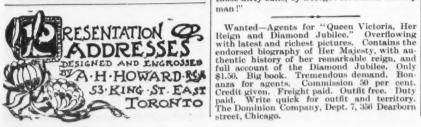
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Studio and Gallery at the Normal School, which occurred on Thursday evening. Dr. May has been very busy selecting and arranging the works placed on Thursday evening are all the book of the works of the selection and the selection and the selection and the selection are all the selections. exhibit, and the result is highly satisfactory when all is considered. The Ontario artists are well represented, and as it is the intention permanently, the work of choosing will be easy after the present collection has remained on the walls for a year. Hon. G. W. Ross has measurably realized his ambitious intention of appear next week.

The members of the Ontario Society of Artists intend having an outing and picnic in the near future. The holding of this outing is the revival of a custom once in vogue in the Society.

At the last monthly meeting of the Ontario Society of Artists, the following gentlemen were appointed as the selecting and hanging committee of the Industrial Exhibition: Messrs. E. Wyly Grier, W. A. Sherwood, T. M. Martin and W. Cutts. Mr. C. M. Manly, the newly-elected vice-president, performed the duties of chairman. JEAN GRANT.

In Later Years. H. C. B. in Life.

H, yes, I know! Edith's grandmother was a De Smythe, one of the old De Smythes of Rose Hill, and she married one of the Boston Tracys."
"And the grandmother married old Jacob

Brown? "No, no! George Brown. A different family altogether.'

"There's a Jacob in it somewhere." "Yes, Edith's mother married Mr. Holstein-Carlingford, who ran the private bank at Merton for so many years. Don't you remember?"
"To be sure. I remember perfectly now. Bank broke four times, and the old man died worth a couple of millions. But who were Percy's people?"

"His grandfather was a Grenville-Griggs, I believe; one of the old families."
"Who were they?"

"I don't know exactly who they were. Now I recall the matter, though, I recollect the old place used to be called Harcourt Villa. And, by the way, Snooks was certainly the name of the man that married one of the Misses Bethune."

"Anyway, it makes a most effective notice, doesn't it? But whatever will they do about

"And as for their grandchildren-"

They'll need a twelve-foot tape line for a calling card." "And have to take breath twice when intro-

ducing each other." "Just read it again. Makes me quite ashamed of our humble marriage notice, forty years ago. Doesn't it you?"

Mrs. Wicks smiled, and taking up the morn

ing paper a second time, read as follows: "At the residence of the bride's father, No. 3 Crescent Road, on the 5th inst., Miss Edith De Smythe-Tracy-Brown - Holstein - Carlingford to Mr. Percy Harcourt-Bethune-Grenville-Griggs-Snooks, of Elmsprig, Boston."

Comforting Reflections of a Nonentity.

Harvard Lampoon.

I can not boast of learning deep, Nor can I much to art aspire; My poetry loses me no sleep, Nor oratory's burning fire.

I do not row upon the crew, Nor on th' eleven glory win; I am not of the chosen few

Who sing or play the mandolin. I am not any social star,

But, then-within my certain knowledge, Like me, unknown to fame, there are
Some fifteen hundred men in college,
S. M. WILLIAMS.

The Canadian Wild Rose.

Canadian Gazette. Among the choicest and most cherished flowers at the Bath and West of England Show at Southampton the other day was a All admired its delicate hue and texture till up came a ruddy Canadian. "Why, that's just our prairie rose," he exclaimed. "You come to my home around Fort Qu'Appelle and I'll show you hundreds, yes, thousands of them in brightest crimson, hanging on the wild bushes outside my backyard. And when you're tired of looking at the roses, you can just around and pick as many as you please of the finest raspberries you ever tasted. You just

Sharp Points of the Past Week. W. J. Bryan is fighting gold. Well, he has captured some of the enemy in Canada.-Lon-

Canadians are the stuff. Why even our burlesque Volunteer Highlanders of Toronto beat all England regulars in a bayonet contest at the Royal Military Tournament in London.

-Bobcaygeon Independent.

A few years ago it was Little Billee. Now it

is Ju Bilee.—Belleville Sun. The fact that the Premier for the best part of his life has been used to parliamentary motions, will not help him one bit with the Atlantic variety.-Brantford Courier.

Exceeded His Privileges.

Chicago Tribun "Who is that slovenly looking man over there

by the piano?' "Sh! That is Mr. Vimmerdown, the famous

musician. "Well, I've no objection to his tangled hair, PROFESSIONAL & AMATEUR ARTIST if he's a musician, but he has no right to wear those dirty cuffs, by George! He's not a literary

CANCER CAN BE CURED.

This Dread Disease Conquered at Last.

A Terrible Operation-The Latest Verdict on the Mistakes of Surgery-Read the Following.

What Sir Benjamin Brodie, one of England's greatest surgeons, says: also testimonials of those who have been delivered from the grip of this most fatal malady: Probably the most dreaded operation known to surgery is that for the removal of cancer or tumor. These diseases are becoming more and more prevalent every year, and hospitals are called upon to receive increasing numbers of those who imagine they must submit to operation for relief. Yet Sir Benjamin Brodie, one of the world's fathers of surgery, is reported to have said, after he had removed five hundred cancerous breasts, that he would "never remove another without telling the patient that the operation would probably not prolong life."

That such operations are abortive the following extracts from testimonials show:

"For nineteen long, never-to-be-forgotten months he (the surgeon) burned the cancer (of the breast) every day; for nearly six hundred days I underwent this untold agony, only to be told that he had done all he could for me, and that I was incurable. Hearing of 'Vitalia, I took it carefully for about twenty months, after which I was as well as ever before in my life.

"42 South Elliott place, Brooklyn, N. Y."

"My home doctor insisted on my going to a hospital in New York city. Although without

"42 South Elliott place, Brooklyn, N. Y."

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plaster, treating the blood by vegetable remedies alone.

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The Better Way.

Weekly Telegraph. A gentleman invited a certain lecturer to his house to take tea. Immediately on being seated at the table a little daughter of the house said to the guest abruptly: "Where is your wife?" The lecturer, who had recently separated from

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of their sojourn on earth. With the advent of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, which contains the new Ingredient, a new hope has been opened up for aged sufferers Its action in driving away the aches and pains which Rheumatism and

aches and pains which Rheumatism and Sciatica, two of the commonest diseases to which the old are subject, has made many an aged one rejoice.

As an example of what great things Kootenay is doing for old people we might mention the case of Mrs. Catherine Burgess, 165 Jackson St. E., Hamilton, who states under oath that she is seventy-three years of age, that for two years she was afflicted with Rheumatism and Sciatica, had severe pains in her back and kidneys had severe pains in her back and kidneys and broke out with Erysipelas. Since taking "Kootenay" she has been free from pain, has no eruption, a splendid appetite, sleeps well and is a hearty woman

appetite, sleeps well and is a hearty woman in every respect.

Then we might mention the cases of Mr. Patrick Ryder, a retired farmer, 69 years of age, living at 940 Lorne Ave., London, Ont., who swears that he suffered 36 years from Rheumatism, tried hundreds of local applications, but got no relief till he took Ryckman's Kootenay Cure which banished his rheumatism and restored his health.

Mr. John Hyde, of 141½ McNab St., Hamilton, Ont., under oath testifies that he

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Hamilton, Ont., under oath testifies that he is 72 years of age, suffered from Dyspepsia and Constipation for 35 years and was cured by Kootenay Cure.

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his better half, was surprised and annoyed at the question, and stammered forth the truth:

'I don't know.' "Don't know?" repeated the child. "Why

don't you know? Finding that the child persisted in her interrogations, despite the mild reproof of the parents, he decided to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once, so he said with calmness: "Well, we don't live together.

We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not.'

He stifled a groan as the child began again and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed : "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, the same as father and mother do?"

A Hungry Miner. Spokane Review.

A miner from the northern part of the state, having sold his claim for a round sum, came down to Spokane for a kind of celebration. In appearance he was rather rusty, and when he vent into an up-town restaurant, the single waiter was in no haste to serve him. To and fro he went in an officious manner, waiting upon a party at the next table, but quite ignor-

ing the presence of the new-comer.
"See here, kid!" called that worthy, when

his patience gave out. "Do I eat?" "Sorry I can't wait on you now," was the | And he was waited upon promptly.



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answer, "but the gentleman there has just

ordered a fifty-dollar dinner. "Fifty-dollar dinner be hanged!" said the miner. "Bring me a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it!"

Music.

and undergraduate pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds, which was held in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening last, attracted a very large and critical audience. Miss Reynolds in the presentation of the programme had the assistance of Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M., violinist; Miss Maude Gordon, A.T.C.M., accompanist; Mr. Napier N. Durand, A.T.C.M., pianist, and Dr. C. E. Saunders, flautist. The vocalists were, for the most part, singers who have become well known as soloists, a number of them occupying prominent church positions and several having entered the ranks of vocal teachers, in which sphere of work their success has been very favor ably noticed by the local press from time to time. A mere mention of the names of those participating will serve to indicate the energy and ability of Miss Reynolds in attracting so large a number of excellent voices and in so successfully training them. The vocalists were: Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, Misses Theresa Tymon, Annie Hallworth, Lola Ronan, Maude Richards, E. Maidie Whitney, Alice McCarron, Gertie Black, Elda Idle, A.T.C.M., and Tilla Lapatnikoff. The programme also contained the names of Mr. H. C. Johnson, tenor; Mr. H. P. Stutchbury, baritone, and Mr. F. T. Verrall, basso. These three singers, however, were unavoidably absent. A pleasing feature of the recital was the presentation to Miss Reynolds, by her pupils, of a handsome pendant of pearls, the presentation being made by Mr. Fisher, the director of the Conservatory, who, in a few well chosen remarks, referred to Miss Reynolds' work, and congratulated her upon the high esteem in which her pupils hold her and upon the success which had attended her efforts as a member of the Conservatory faculty. The piano solo contributed by Mr. Durand and Miss Hayes' violin solo were among the artistic gems of the evening's performance, and were enthusiastically applauded. Dr. Saunders' flute obligato was also a very finished performance. Recalls and bouquets were too numerous

The annual concert by piano pupils of Mr. Field at Glen Mawr (Miss Veal's), which took place on Friday evening of last week, proved as great a success as similar events in the past. A number of talented pupils contributed to an excellent programme, in which assistance was rendered by vocal and violin pupils of the institution. Special mention should be made of the artistic playing of Miss Snowball in Raff's Rigandon, Liszt's Cantique d'Amour and the Avensky Duo for two pianos. Miss Snowball, who possesses talent of a high order, purposes continuing her musical studies abroad. Miss Nelles, in the Avensky Duo and Moszkowski's Valse in A and the Liszt Rhapsody No. 14, also displayed undoubted talent. The playing of these young ladies, as well as of others who give much promise, was a tribute to the excel-lence of Mr. Field's instruction. Mention should also be made of the very clever violin-playing of Miss Jenkins, a pupil of Mr. J. W. Baumann. Besides those mentioned, the following took part in the programme: Misses Steele, Morris, Rathbun, Moncrieff, Dunsford, Beasly and Stephenson.

The Toronto Philharmonic patriotic concert, which takes place on Monday evening next, should attract one of the largest audiences of the season. No pains have been spared in order to make the event worthy of the occasion. The programme will include: Mr. J. Humfrey Anger's Song of Thanksgiving, Handel's fine Coronation Anthem, Eaton Faning's The Queen's Song, national hymns and songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; Mr. H. H. Godfrey's The Land of the Maple, and other appropriate selections. A professional orchestra, a chorus of about two hundred voices and a number of our leading local vocalists will constitute the musical forces. Mr. J. Humfrey Anger will conduct, and Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, will deliver a patriotic address. The vocal soloists will be: Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Waldrum, Miss MacPherson, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Mr. Pier Delasco, Mr. Fred Warrington and Mr. Rechab Tandy. Reserved seats are placed at \$1,75 and 50 cents, with general admission at 25 cents. The plan is now open at

The vocal recital given at the Conservatory most enjoyable and attractive events of the kind given this season. Much care had been expended in the preparation of an excellent programme, and the manner in which it was carried out proved most creditable to the earnest group of students taking part and their energetic and capable teacher. Solos, duets and quartettes were included in the programme, which was further varied through several well rendered piano numbers by pupils of the Conservatory, and readings by representatives of the Conservatory School of Elocution. The pupils participating were: Misses Nellie Kennedy, Susie French, Jessie Benson, Etta Leonard, Helen Church, Ethel Rice, Lizzie Brown, Mrs. McGolpin, and Messrs. F. C. Wiggins and Bruce Bradley. Several of these singers have become prominent in local musical circles as professional vocalists, and several of these not so well known promise to attain marked success in the future.

The band of the 48th Highlanders gave a most successful concert in the skating rink, Stratford, on Wednesday evening of last A Stratford correspondent writes that fully twenty-five hundred people crowded the large building, many being forced to stand in the aisles and elsewhere. 'Never has a Classic City audience been presented with such a musical treat as the concert of the 48th, assisted by Mrs. Martin Murphy of Hamilton, soprano, and Miss Edythe Spring, violiniste, of the Hamilton Ladies' College, proved to be." The fine playing of the band, the refined singing of Mrs. Martin Murphy and the artistic violin-playing of Miss Spring were all most heartily applauded. Encores and bouquets were the order of the evening. Mrs. Scarff played the piano accompaniments very

I have frequently been requested to offer a gentle hint to our usually up-to-date music

dealers concerning the methods employed by them in wrapping sheet music which is intended to be sent through the mails or delivered by the local delivery companies. In order to extract a piece of music from the average wrapping, no small amount of time and patience is expended if one would avoid mutilating the contents of tightly wound and excessively pasted coverings to which the profession has grown accustomed. A bit of thread laid lengthwise beneath the wrapping and extending somewhat beyond it would solve the problem. Some American firms have adopted this idea and their customers have not been slow to appreciate it. This simple and effectual plan is worthy of a trial in Toronto, and the mention of it will, doubtless. be sufficient to ensure its trial here.

A piano recital was given at the Hamilton Ladies' College on Tuesday evening of last week by Miss Edith Spring, a talented pupil of the music director, Mr. W. E. Fairclough of Toronto. Miss Spring, who was assisted by Miss Alice Craney, played a well chosen programme of selections from the works of Beethoyen, Raff, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Moszkowski in a manner which drew forth the warm applause of the audience present. Her technical and musical training, as revealed in her playing, furnished satisfactory proof of the thoroughness of the instruction imparted by Mr. Fairclough, who is to be congratulated upon the successful outcome of the recital. Miss Craney sang several songs with good effect and played the second piano part in Schumann's Andante with Variations in B flat.

Miss Mary H. Smart, who for the past eight years has been the resident teacher of music at Moulton Ladies' College, has resigned her position and will in future conduct her work from a private studio. On Thursday of last week Miss Smart was made the recipient of a very handsome mahogany davenport, as a token of the affectionate regard in which she is held by both the pupils and teachers of the institution. An address expressing the affection of the pupils and teachers of the College for Miss Smart and the regret which all felt at her resignation, was read by one of the graduates. Miss Smart responded with a few earnest words of appreciation.

The advanced piano and organ pupils of Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, principal of the Hamilton school, and Mr. Alexander, a member of the faculty of the school, gave an enjoyable recital in the school-room of the Central Presbyterian church, Hamilton, on Tuesday evening of last week. The programme, which embraced an exacting group of solo selections from the works of standard piano and organ composers, as well as concertos by Schumann, Grieg and Mendels sohn, was admirably carried out and reflected great credit upon the institution under whose auspices the recital was given.

Mrs. J. H. Willson, who for three years has honorably and efficiently filled the position of organist and choir directress of Immanuel Baptist church, has resigned in order to take the position of organist at St. Enoch's Presbyterian church. The choir of Immanuel church at a farewell social held recently, presented Mrs. Willson with a handsome marble clock as a token of the esteem in which she is held by

A patriotic concert will be given in the Metropolitan church by the Jubilee Chorus under Mr. F. H. Torrington's direction on Tuesday evening next. The concert, which is under the patronage of the City Council and others, will include appropriate music by Costa, Barnby, Foster, Faning, Cowen and Torrington. Patriotic addresses will be delivered by Rev. James Allen and Rev. Dr. Potts.

Mr. Theodore Wiehmayer, a well known composer and planist of Leipsic, Germany, purposes taking up his residence in Toronto in August next. Mr. Wiehmayer is recognized in Leipsic as one of the foremost exponents of the Krause school of piano-playing. His popularity there as a teacher and performer, and his ability as composer, should ensure him success in this

Owing to the serious illness of the organist and choirmaster of St. James' cathedral, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam has been asked to take temporary charge of the music in that church. Mr. Haslam has agreed to act as musical Music Hall on Thursday evening of last week by Mrs. Bradley's pupils, proved one of the incumbent of the post, and will take office at to-morrow's Jubilee services in the church.

> Miss Eva N. Roblyn, soprano soloist of Dundas street Methodist church, London, a vocalist well known in this city, where she formerly resided, has been engaged to take the soprano solos in the Jubilee performance of Samson. which is to be given in the Forest City next week under the baton of Mr. Roselle Pococke

> The piano recital which was to have been given at the Conservatory of Music Hall on Thursday evening last by the eminent pianist, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, was at the last moment unavoidably cancelled, much to the regret of the students of the Conservatory and the many friends of the institution.

> Special services will be held in the Church of the Holy Trinity on Sunday next to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. The special music will include Handel's Coronation Anthem, Zadock the Priest, Stainer's Service in A, special

> Mr. W. T. Thompson, a Buffalo pianist who has been studying with great success for some time past under Mr. Angelo M. Read, the well known Canadian musician, sails for Vienna in a few days for the purpose of taking up his work with Leschetizky. MODERATO.

"Face off," cried the referee, and the lacrosse players at once began to kick each other's faces off.—Kincardine Review.

MR. V. P. HUNT, Organist and Choir-master Central Presbyterian Church. Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Musical Director of the Demill Coll., St. Catharines. Residence— 561 Church Street.

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THEODOR WIEHMAYER, of Leipzig, Concert Plants and Teacher of Advanced Plane Pupils, has decided to come to Toronto and take the vacant position of his colleague, Mr. H. M. Field. Herr Wiehmayer and Mr. Field studied at the same time under Herr Prof. Martin Krause. Since then Herr Wiehmayer has still continued with the celebrated maestro, and also had great success in teaching and concertising. The former speaks for itself, as several pupils of his will come with him from Leipzig to Toronto. among them Miss MacDowell, formerly apupil of the Toronto Conservatory and later at the Royal Conservatory of Leipzig. Herr Wiehmayer will arrive in Toronto the latter part of August and will be pleased to give further information.

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"PUT IT OFF" is a bad maxim to follow. Its evil effects are particularly felt in the matter of education. Many a business man today regrets the time he "put off" the opportunity to get a better education. The Gentral Busines Sollege.

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is open to receive new members at any time. It offers excellent facilities for practical training in Business methods and Accounting. Its Shorthand and Typewriting Department is particularly strong. Present session continues to July 30th. Holiday for August. Solid work again Sept. Ist. Get particulars. Enter now. Address W. H. SHAW, Prins. Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

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Social and Personal.

Several elegant dejeuners have lately been enjoyed at wedding festivities. The repast at Florsheim last week was most perfectly done by McConkey, who certainly succeeds in pleasing the most fastidious and has always some pretty little novelty to interest and amuse. Horseshoes of Vienna bread, tied with white and gold ribbons, inspired many a word of good luck to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Catto.

Miss Law is staying with Mrs. Sankey at West Point, Toronto Island, for a little visit.

"Tea at the Camp" was a social feature in Niagara last week, and the smart hosts did themselves and their guests proud; there is a charm in a uniform, in a tented field, and a savor of mimic war, and never did tea and trimmings taste better than on Saturday. The charming weather was another factor in the enjoyment of all and sundry.

One can also enjoy the hospitality of the Body Guard, which smart corps is in camp on Wells' Hill, and many of their admirers have wheeled or trammed it out to see them. Lieutenants George Peters and Churchill Cockburn, with George Denison, jr., and other young men, have the thanks of their friends for kind hospitalities.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, with a tea afternoon on Friday, are reserved for the Ladies' Tennis Club in connection with the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club.

One of the pleasantest dinners of last week was given by Mr. Bolte at the charming Hunt

The Jubilee garden party this afternoon at Chestnut Park will doubtless be society's favorite rendezvous about five o'clock.

Mrs. Willie Goulding of St. George street gave a bicycle party on Thursday evening.

Fashion and Comfort.

With so many events, social and otherwise, during June month, the question of correct dress demands more than ordinary attention. This may particularly be said of gentlemen's garments—to those at the point of deciding it is just in place to mention that the frock coat is and may always expect to be popular. This season's plates are putting forward the three-button morning shape, which make up very handsomely in nice soft vicunas. To complete the suit one will wear a double-breasted vest made of fancy linen, and for trousers neat worsted pattern of just sufficiently lighter shade than the coating to make a pleasing contrast. Henry A. Taylor, the Rossin Block, is showing a great range of fine woolens for such suits, and has also a splendid assortment of the fancy linen vestings, and there's that individuality about his designs that at once stamps them as gentlemen's garments.



Dress Skirts

of superior make and finish, latest tailor velour, Moire Poplin, Grenadines, Moire Velour, Moire Poplin, Grenadines, Serges, Figured Alpacas, Lustres, Tweeds and Canvas Cloths, fit guaranteed: also made to order on short notice

Costumes

Eton and Reefer Coats, with lined skirts,

New Golf Capes

In a great variety of Scottish Clan and Family Tartans, also warm wool mixtures and heavy reversible cloths. For ocean and land travel these capes are at once the most comfortable and stylish garment made for the purpose.

Mail Orders

given special attention.

John Catto & Son

King Street, Toronto

Grand Patriotic Concert

Massey Music Hall, Monday, June 21st, at 8 p.m.

This entertainment, the first of the Jubilee events, will be under the following distinguished patronage: His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen, His Honor the Lieut-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lieut-Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski, A.D.C., and Lady Gzowski, Mrs. John Morrow, His Worship Mayor Fleming and the City Council of Toronto.

The first part of the programme will be devoted to sacred music, and will include Handels "Coronation Anthem" and Mr. J. Humfrey Auger's "Song of Thanksgiving." The second part will consist of national patriotic songs. English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh.

Welsh. A brief patriotic address will be delivered by Hon. A brief patriotic address will be delivered by Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education.

The following soloists have been engaged, viz.: Soprano, Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Mary Waldrum; contraito, Miss Florence Macpherson; tenor, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Mr. Rechab Tandy; bass, Mr. Pierre Delasco, Mr. Fred Warrington. The Toronto Philharmonic orchestra. Chorus of 200 voices.

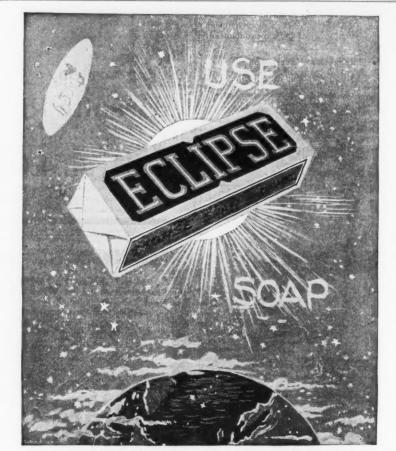
Rererved seats, \$1, 75c. and 25c. General admission 25c.

The plan of reserved seats will be open at Massey Hall for the general public Friday, June 18th, at Hon. Conductor, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac

Oxon.
J. K. MACKDONALD, WM. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

MISS MORTON'S JUBILEE CONCERT Will be held on Thursday, June 24, in 86. George's Hall Assisted by Paul Hahn, "(ellist, and Miss Dalby, Elecutionist. SPLENDID PROGRAMME.







Parisian Novelties in Dress Materials and

Millinery

Smart Tailor-Made

Misses E. & H. Johnston

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Dunlop Tires

never require any tools but your hands for any repair, and are so easily managed that with them on your wheel you can't be "stuck."

American Dunlop Tire Co., Toronto *********

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Hair Tonic

NOT A DRESSING For promoting the growth and preventing the hair from falling out. The formula from which this is prepared has been endorsed by some of the leading physicians of Toronto, and its beneficial effect can be testified by many hairdressers of this city. Pre-

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Niagara River Line Ningara Navigation Co. 4 TRIPS DAILY EXCEPTIVE

Post Office on premises.

Terms, \$7 per week; \$1.25 per day. Special rates for families. Telegraph office in the building.

R. STROUD, Proprietor. Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (East Side) at

Ta.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.45 p.m.,
Connecting with the New York Central and Hudson
River Railway, Niagara Falls and Lewiston Railway, Michigan Central Railway and Niagara Falls
Park and River Railway.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

DOUBLE TRIPS Empress of India

AND G. T. R. SYSTEM
Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m. for
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester AND ALL POINTS EAST.

Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices and on wharf.

Our Kitchen

> is just as clean as yours, and when you want clean, healthy, wholesome bread you can rely on getting it here. Ice Cream, too, is made just as carefully and made just as clean as it would be in your house. We make our own Bon-Bons as well, and you know how good they

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"Reindeer Brand"

CONDENSED COFFEE

is PURE COFFEE

with cream and sugar added, so that it may be prepared in a hurry, any-

You can't spoil it!

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates"—the cup that refreshes old and young alike—how important that tea should be the best obtainable. You may not have an experience detaster, but you have full beneft of our long experience in the selecting and careful buying of teas. The pure, rich Ceylon teas are in high favor now. Have you tried our special 40c, blend?

Other blends from 25c, up.

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Deninsular Park Hotel

This beautiful summer resort is now open for the

The Belvidere Hotel

PARRY SOUND, Ont.

Will open on the 23rd June for the Summer Sea

"THE PENETANGUISHENE"

Canada's Great Summer Hotel

Sanitary arrangements the very latest and most approved. Baths and W. C.'s, entirely new, of the most modern style. Steam heating (Safford Radiators), for chilly or wet weather. Electric lighted. Fishing, boating, bathing, tennis courts. Prof. Jennings' Orchestra, Toronto. Write for booklet, 04

J. K. PAISLEY, Manager.

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I send boats and canoes for rent to any part of the lakes. Boats repaired promptly. Oars for sale. Telegraph offices Windermere and Port Carling. W. J. JOHNSON, 04 Port Carling and Windermere.

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TO RENT—By the undersigned, two furnished cottages on the lake shore, with good verandas. Also boats and canoes at Muskoka Wharf boathouse and Port Carling, ready to ship to any point desired.

STANLEY HOUSE

Is located on a point of land in Stanley Bay, Lake Joseph, Muskoka. Rooms large and comfortably furnished. Prompt replies to applications for terms or rooms. Terms moderate. W: B. MACLEAN, Proprietor. ©1

Milford Bay, Lake Muskoka

LAKE MUSKOKA

Splendid location, head Good fishing and boating. THOMAS CURRIE, Proprietor Splendid location, near the celebrated Bala Falls.

HENRY DITCHBURN, Rosseau.

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For rates, etc., address
W. J. BRADLEY,
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LAKE SIMCOE, via Barrie, Ont.

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SUMMER RESORTS.

A Charming Summer Resort

HOTEL TORONTO ISLAND HANLAN

ISLAND

If Tourists knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderate expense at this hotel, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, Where shall we spend the summer? would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets on application.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

THE NEWPORT OF CANADA

QUEEN'S ROYAL Hotel and Cottages Stagara-on-the-Lake Opening Hop of the Season Saturday, June 19
Special rate for June, \$12 per week; \$2.50 per day and upwards. Reduced rate Saturday to Monday, including return fare by Niagara Navigation Co.'s splendid steamers, \$5. Tickets at Queen's Hotel.
Perfect system of sanitation. Healthiest resort in America. This beautiful summer resort is now open for the reception of guests. It is situated on Lake Simcoe, forty minutes delightful and refreshing sail from Barrie. Fitted with all the latest modern improvements, including electric lighting, perfect sanitary arrangements, hot and cold baths. Water pumped direct from Lake Simcoe. Forty acres of beautiful grounds. For terms, &c., address M. MCCONNELL, 40 Colborne Street, Toronto, or "The Manager," Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, Ont.

PROSPECT HOUSE

Port Sandfield

The well known Paradise summer resort on the

MUSKOKA LAKES

vill open June 20th. For health, pure air, fine views inequalled. Fine beach for bathing. Table unex-Send for illustrated card for information and rates

ENOCH COX,
Proprietor.

THE CLIFTON HOUSE-BALA-Beautifully situated at the foot of Lake Muskoka. In I fully situated at the foot of Lake Muskoka. In the immediate neighborhood of most popular deer and partridge hunting grounds and but half a mile distant from Moon River, the great fishing resort. Grand scenery; sandy beaches; close post and ex-press offices; boats daily. Special rates for families, For terms apply to MRS. JOHN BOARD, 04

FERNDALE HOUSE

LAKE ROSSEAU

The central point of the Muskoka Lakes. Scenery unsurpassed in the district. unsurpassed in the district.

Good Boating, Bathing and Fishing, Lawn Tennis,
Cottages to let, fine views, good verandas; board
in hotel,
Table second to none. Everything strictly firstclass. Daily boat and mail.

For particulars apply to
SEYMOUR PENSON,
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The Monteith House ... MUSKOKA...

ully situated within two hundred yards of THE FAMOUS SHADOW RIVER

Has the most modern sanitary arrangements of any hotel in this region, has been entirely redecorated and renovated this season, and has daily mail and express. Telegraph office in the building. Cuisine first-class. Rates cheerfully quoted on application to— JOHN MONTEITH, Proprietor.

The Maplehurst Summer Hotel

Lake Rosseau Ont., Canada Is Now Open and R ady for Guests STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS IN ALL

APPOINTMENTS

Woodington House BALA FALLS HOTEL Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

> This house, one of the finest on the lakes, is now open for the reception of guests Particular attention paid to the table, with prompt

and efficient service in every department



VIEW OF BAY AND BOAT HOUSES

Social and Personal.

This afternoon the cricket match at Upper Canada College, between U. C. C. and Trinity College, Port Hope, teams, will be an interesting affair to a good many

The golf clubs are still at it. On Thursday the Torontos and Rosedales played a match, too late in its result for this column to chronicle.

Exquisite weather, not too warm, perfect moonlight, and every comfort provided by the energetic management, made the outing of the Knickerbocker Club this year even more pleasant than heretofore. The Queen's, just wakened from its winter sleep, subbed its many window-eyes bright and opened hospit-able arms to the smart company. The sister city sent its representatives, some members of the Spinning Wheel Club (did you ever come across a more delightful name?). On Sunday the whole party wheeled to Queenston and took the electric cars to the Falls. Then a charming stroll and a capital lunch at the cafe of the great Barnett, who, as usual, had everything nicely served in the private dining-room upstairs. The day was an ideal one, and the jolly folks of the smartest cycling club in the Dominion had a jubilee good time. Those who were of the party included most of the wheeling contingent represented in society, to the number of about one hundred.

Last week a pleasant tea at the See House for clergy and their friends gave many an oppor tunity to wish bon voyage to the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, who sailed for England on the Numidian last Saturday. The Bishops and other dignitaries from Canada are, by all accounts, going to enjoy a large time this summer in England, and those Canadians who must stay at home are wishing them all sorts of good times, though they may not emulate the audacity of the cable operator who wished the Queen eternal "festivities" in a future existence.

Among the presentations at the levee held recently by the Prince of Wales, which pre-sentations are officially announced to be equal to a presentation to our Lady of Jubilees, I notice the name of our handsome lieutenant of the Q. O. R., Frank D. Renjamin. Lieutenant Benjamin is not to return to Toronto alone but will bring a pretty bride to grace that lovely home in Jarvis street, which he leased before leaving.

On Saturday last Professor and Mrs. Clark gave a delightful little luncheon for Mr. and Mrs. McCaughan. Dr. and Mrs. Parkin and Dr. Clark were among the guests, and the air was full of good stories, amusing sallies, and a sort of wit which is the accompaniment of culture and refinement. Exquisitely funny are the tales of the professors and the dons, and the parsons are never last in contributions of this sort. Not in all Canada could be grouped four types so diverse as the four mentioned, each with that wonderful faculty of leading the minds of their fellows, each a distinct acquisition to the highest and best of Toronto

Bowls at the Yacht Club and bowls at Maplehyrn, with Major Cosby as the best of hosts, give an hour's bright enjoyment to many a muscular Christian these cool afternoons. The neat little bowling alley on Maplehyrn lawn witnesses some close play, and the cunning judgment of the master mind in

HOTEL LONG BRANCH

Now Open For Guests

Park grounds and Pavilion, with all c

School and Society Picnics

Special rates by boat or electric cars,

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and bowels—reduce feverbreak colds—expel worms—
check diarrhoea—good while
teething—cure colic—produce sleep—they are as
pleasant as candy—easy to
take—harmless as sugar—
absolutely pure—mother's
help and baby's friend—sample — and paper doll if you
send baby's name.
N POWDER in the Nursery Use BABY'S OWN POWDER In the Nursery The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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The PROPER furnishing and conducting of FUNERALS at a cost that does not make them a burden an ART with us.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births. RABJOHN—June 2, Mrs. A. R. Rabjohn—a son. HORNE—June 5, Mrs. G. H. Horne—a son. MAHON—June 10, Mrs. William Mahon—a son. STEWART—June 9, Mrs. G. W. Stewart—twin son McCALLU 41—Paisley, June 13, Mrs. B. McCallum a daughter. a daughter.
WILLANS-June 13, Mrs. Ed. Willans-adaughter.
SYKES-Joliet, Ilis., Mrs. John Sherrington Sykes

Marriages.

ATKINSON—TEMPLE—June 15, F. Vannovous
Atkinson to Constance Isabel Temple.
GRANT—BLACKSTOCK—June 16, Wm. Alexander
Grant to Emeline Moulton Blackstock.
MERRIOK—KRANZ—June 16, Louis D. Merrick to
Frances Kranz WADE-WEBB-June 16, Dr. R. J. Wade to Lillie Webb.

GREENWOOD – KAY – June 15, Alan Bernard
Greenwood to Agnes Kay.

WADDELL – LISTER – Sarnia, June 9, Frank
Russell Waddell to Maud Eliza Lister.

BOURNE – PRICE – June 10, Wm. E. Bourne to CROWN – June 15, Melinda Edwards Crown, aged 76.

directing the giddy balls is applauded with General Cathcart in the Crimea: While we

Mrs. Sam Blake and her daughter have preceded their family to Murray Bay, where they usually spend a restful summer.

Miss Catherine Merritt's historical play, with all the realism of wild Indians and soldier boys, is the evening attraction the latter half of this week at the Grand Opera House.

Convention in Montreal.

THE American Institute of Instruction, the oldest educational association in the world, will hold its 68th annual meeting in Montreal, July 9 to 12, and the president, Mr. Albert E. Winship, of the Journal of Education, has prepared a very attractive pro-

United States Commissioner of Education William T. Harris, LL. D., who will be the leading feature in the programme, is a noted educational thinker, writer and speaker; the Hon. George W. Ross of Foronto, the Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, is to the educational forces of the Dominion what Dr. Harris is to those of the States; Dr. Robins, president of the McGill Normal School, Montreal, is a brilliant educational speaker; and Prof. Archambault, director-general of the Roman Catholic schools of Montreal, is one of the distinguished educational characters of the Province of Quebec.

The great professional attraction of the Montreal meeting will be a half-day's session in honor of Dr. Henry Barnard of Hartford, the eminent historic educational character. Dr. Barnard has written more professionally than any other American educator, has held more prominent positions, and has been identified with more great educational reforms. He is now 87 years of age. He will be at Montreal for the entire session.

General Cathcart and Chinese Gordon.

Told from the Ranks is a volume of anecdotes nd stirring reminiscences of the Crimea and the campaign in Egypt collected by E. Milton We quote an anecdote concerning

were standing around, enjoying the warmth, the General came up and asked us for a light. One of the men answered, "Can't you help yourself?" whereupon the General lighted his cigar at the fire, and we saw then who our visitor was, and immediately stood at attention! He said, "I think you've got a hard cheek to give them a light to fire at; but go on with your cooking; if you're not afraid, I'm not. If I have my will, those of us who are left will sup inside the town to-morrow night." Almost before he had finished speaking, a shower of bullets struck the ground in front of us and rebounded over our heads, whereupon the order was to put out fires and move about three hundred yards to the right; and after that no one was allowed to strike a light, and

we had a cold supper.

In dealing with the expedition for the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum many interest ing facts are brought out. Here is one: A sad gloom was cast over our Ohristmas Day by the arrival of a message from General Gordon—the last that he was able to send. It was only a postage-stamp, secretly brought by a native runner, and on the back of it were simply the words, "Gordon can hold out no longer." Every man of us was eager to press on then.

He Didn't Wince.

N. Y. Truth. Blevins-A wit seldom enjoys having some one else get off a joke at his expense. Yet Jokers doesn't seem to mind a bit.

Bostick-Of course not. If the joke happens to be a good one he sells it and comes out ahead

Intercolonial Excursions

The tourist rates with stop-over privileges on the Intercolonial Railway are now in force, and the summer time-table will come into operation on Monday, June 21. Guide books and informa-tion about any sort of a trip can be had on application to Western Agent, Intercolonial Railway, Toronto.

She—We've been married four months, dear, and I haven't given you a chance to try, my cooking yet. He—Why, love, you are not getting tired of me already, are you?

KAY, SON & CO.

...SPECIAL VALUES...

White Muslin Curtains:

- Dotted frill, 44 in. x 9.0 \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair.
- Embroidered border and frill, 50 in, x 106, \$250 and \$2.75
- Dott-d all over and frill, 50 in x 10 6, \$2.7, \$3, \$3 50 per pair
- Handsome border, 38 in. x 9 o, \$1 50 per pair. Fine open work border, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.35 and \$2.50 per pair
- Fine open work border 39 in. x 9.0, \$2.65 and \$2.75 per pair
- Extra fine quality, 39 in. x 106, \$3 per pair.

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SINGLE FIRST- FARE

SINGLE FIRST FARE and ONE-THIRD R.

Going June 30 and July 1st

Return until July 5th

Between all stations in Canada, Windsor, Sault Ste. Branch Store - 201 Wellesley St.



Ladies are in a flutter over the wonderful new invenion and magte beautifier—the "Paris Face Steamer." It absolutely removes wrinkles and all facial blemishes, giving to the face a pearly bleoming purity. Crowds of ladies are buying them and are unanimous in their opinion—that it is the most wonderful beautifier yet produced. Manufactured only by the Paris Face Steaming Co., it King St. W. upstairs, over the Bassinette. BEAUTY!

Spring... Weddings Announcements

Invitations

Engraved in the Latest Style. Write for prices and samples.

DONALD BAIN & CO., Fine Stationers 25 JORDAN STREET

Minnie Price.
MACKEY—HOUSTON—Buffalo, May 28, Henry
Mackey to Emma Houston.
ROBINSON—THOROLD—Cannington, John T.
Robinson to Margaret Sophia Thorold.
SIMPSON—MUNDEY—Thornhill, June 9, Richard
Simpson to Carrie J. Mundey.

Hothouse

Tomatoes Mushrooms Rhubarb

Lettuce

Cress (GARDEN and WATER)

Green Onions Choice Celery

BARRON

726 & 7 8 Yonge St.

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East

Hungarian Ware-

I have just received 3 CASES of this celebrated ware.

Pedestals and Pots Flower Pots Fruit and Flower Stands **Jardinieres Ornaments**

The above make beautiful wedding presents.

JOSEPH IRVING

HART—Hereford, Eng., April 26, Col. Philip L. Hart. FINCH—June—, W. S. Finch, aged 75. YOUNG—June 12, Frances Anna Proudfoot Young, and And Product Young, aged 38.

BULKY-June 13, Thomas M. Buley, aged 53.

BULKY-June 13, Thomas M. Buley, aged 53.

ELLIOTT-Chicago, June 3, Frederick James Elliott, aged 40.

COOK-June 4, Henrietta M. A. Cook, aged 90.

POLIWKA-June 13, Charlotte Billingsley Poliwka, JONES-June 11, Edith Fausta Jones, aged 24.

J t C 2-Juny 1), W illiam Robert Burke.



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A wheel that will last for years, and whose strong home guarantee protects the purchaser, is far cheaper than a low grade machine at a low price, which is perpetually in the repair shop and dangerous to life

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H. A. LOZIER & CO.

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The Only Perfect Radiator

In use everywhere. lions of these are in use today under all conditions of service from the largest building to the humblest cot-

Have been awarded the highest hon ors against the world's makers.

No Bolts! No Rods! All iron and will last forever.

Made only by. The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'F'G CO., Ltd.

TORONTO, Ont. The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flav

Perfect Welland Garden City Dominion

"Every Rider is Our Friend"

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St. Catharines, Ont.

Ceylon tea is now exclusively used in the English army and navy, the government refusing any other kind of tea from tenderers for contracts, they recognizing the healthfulness of the teas from this island where "Salada"

Apply to Cashier. ea comes from.

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